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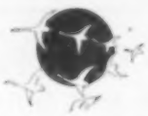
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912.

The Week

President Taft confined his message to Congress to a long review of our foreign relations, and to an exposition of the theory upon which he thinks they should be conducted. In all this there is, let it be said at once, much that is excellent. Mr. Taft speaks of the successive steps by which it has been sought to rescue the consular service from the spoilsmen. Tracing the movement back to President Cleveland, he shows how improvement steadily followed improvement, until the time came to seek to place the diplomatic service, too, upon a non-partisan basis. By an Executive order of three years ago, appointment to the lower grades was made conditional upon merit shown by examination, and promotion has since that time been made only for efficiency, as is now the case throughout the entire consular service. This represents a great advance; and the President does well to urge Congress to make the reform secure by enacting some such measure as was before it last session for the purpose of firmly basing the foreign service, in both its branches, upon the merit system.

From political or military intervention in Mexico or Central and South America, Mr. Taft evidently shrinks. Specifically referring to the past year's troubles in Mexico, which, as he points out, raised questions of extreme delicacy, he declares that his policy all through was one of "patient non-intervention," combined with "steadfast recognition of constituted authority," and at the same time "effort to care for American interests." The end now bids fair to crown the work; and President Taft's course throughout the Mexican disturbances—if we except the ill-judged and deceptive mobilization of American troops on the border—has been highly creditable. Towards other republics in the West Indies and Central America, he professes intentions equally benevolent, but in some cases these are linked to plans for the control of those countries through the administration of their finances. The President again puts forward the treaties with Nicaragua and Honduras, covering loans, and declares that if they had been ratified the recent revolutionary outbreak in Nicaragua would never have occurred. This is highly disputable. No political troubles were ever to occur in Santo Domingo, after our financial control was established there, but they have done so. Indeed, the treaty would have virtually obligated the United States to use force in Nicaragua, when demanded by our agents, just as it was used startlingly last summer. But the whole discussion is now barren. The treaties are dead.

"If President Wilson stands to his guns and his pledges," says the London *Economist*, "the whole forces of Protection will concentrate on the Senate. Will they succeed better than the bosses in New Jersey? We hope not; though free trade in the States would soon produce formidable rivals for British manufacturers." We can imagine the indignation with which this will be read by any American protectionist. "What audacious hypocrisy," he will say: "an Englishman pretending that he expects America to become a more formidable rival to England through free trade, and at the same time that he hopes we shall take steps towards becoming a free-trade nation! What the man is after, of course, is the ruin of American industry for the benefit of the Britishers." There is one circumstance, however, about the British free-trade attitude which our protectionist must find it hard to reconcile with this view. For forty years, or thereabouts, the protectionists of England, whether calling themselves "fair traders," or "tariff reformers," or "Imperial preference" men, have been trying to hammer into the free-traders' heads the idea that British free trade, under which foreign goods come in free while British goods have to pay big duties in other countries, is a one-sided thing, hurting England and helping other countries; but stubborn John Bull has insisted that he is satisfied with the bargain. He thinks it a good thing for him to buy freely where he pleases, even though he is not allowed to sell freely. So that, after all, in saying that he thinks American free trade would be good for America, and at the same time good for England in spite of building up our enterprises, he may simply be giving us a sample of his standard though silly free-trade talk.

The zone-rate system of the parcels-post service which is to go into operation on the first of January flies in the face of the spirit of that post-office policy which is associated with the name of Rowland Hill, and which has governed postal management and postal progress throughout the world for three-quarters of a century. That distinctions and discriminations should be made only for important and adequate reason, that the gain from uniformity and simplicity is sure to be enormous, that a close reckoning of expense, and adjustment of charges to it by minute classification, does not pay either from the standpoint of the post office or from that of the public—these are the commonplace presumptions of postal policy. From this it does not follow that there should be a uniform rate for parcels throughout the vast area of the United States. In the case of a five or ten-pound package, the expense of the long-distance transportation is very considerable, and in order to make a uniform rate throughout the United States it would be virtually necessary both to carry parcels for great distances at a heavy loss and to make the general rate so high that a large part of the advantage of the service for moderate distances would be sacrificed. For this reason, and also on account of legitimate commercial considerations, the parcels-post service should be conducted on some kind of zone-rate basis.

But while a zone system of some kind is desirable for this country, such a zone system as that prescribed by the act of August 24, 1912, is not only unnecessary, but absurd. To divide the country up into thousands of little quadrangles, and to make each post office the centre of a series of seven concentric circles by means of which the quadrangles are classified as belonging to the first, second, and so on to the eighth zone, is quite needless. Only a very rough adjustment is attained by the elaborate and highly inconvenient method of the

present law; and there is an extremely simple method which would serve the same end. It may be desirable to start with one small zone of special low rates for what may be called local service; but apart from this the whole system should be based on the States as units. For the purpose of fixing rates, each State should be represented by its geographical centre; and, whatever distances be adopted as a basis for the zone system, each zone, for any given State, should comprise the whole of any State whose centre is within the specified distance of the centre of the given State. Thus the Post Office Department would, once for all, make out, for each State, a list of those States which comprise its first zone, its second zone, etc., and this one list would be all that anybody in a given State would have to consult in order to know the postage required on any package. Those in the habit of sending packages frequently would very soon know the zones by heart so far as their ordinary business is concerned.

There may be practical politics, but there certainly is no social justice, in the proposal to force Mr. George Perkins out of the Progressive party. We can well understand the report that Mr. Roosevelt is to change his plans, and go to the Chicago Progressive conference expressly to stand up for his chief financial backer. It is no doubt true that Mr. Perkins's prominence in the new party was used to discredit it, particularly in the West. His name may, as some Progressives sorrowfully admit in private, have driven away thousands of votes among the rude Western farmers. But if all this was an injustice, as the Progressives all along said it was, is the party which is devoted to justice, whether it immediately triumphs or not, going to abandon a man simply because he was misunderstood? Can it cling to a Flinn and throw over a Perkins? At all events, Mr. Perkins is, we are glad to see, determined to stick. He has taken an oath to make this country a better one for his children to live in, and is not to be shaken by mere gossip. He will trust in the Progressive party though it slay him. It is not with him a question of leadership. He is as ready, nay, as eager, as Col. Roosevelt himself to be hereafter simply one in the ranks. If necessary, he will make his own the words of Lord George Bentinck, when asked to lead the Tory revolt against Peel, and say: "We have heard too much about leaders. I will be the last of the rank and file."

The National Guard Convention at Norfolk is evidently to be used to push the plan for Federal pay for the militia. We have already gone on record as wholly opposed to it, and sincerely trust that all the forces now combating the rapid growth of a military lobby at Washington, and of militarism generally, will promptly bring their influence to bear. Certainly, no such far-reaching measure ought to be passed without the most thoroughgoing public discussion. Primarily, it is another blow at States' rights, and virtually means the final step in the Federal Government's taking over the militia. Yet if there is one thing clear in the intent both of the Constitution and its founders, it is that the militia of the "several States" should be under the sole authority of the States. Moreover, since the militia system has been successfully carried on for 136 years as a voluntary and unpaid service, save when the troops are in camp, there is manifestly no genuine need whatever for pay.

Col. Silas W. Burt, who died on Saturday in his eighty-third year, was one of the last survivors of that fine group of devoted workers to whom the country is indebted for the introduction and the successful establishment of the merit system in the Federal service, and, in a less but still very notable measure, in our State and municipal governments. The hard fight that the spoils system still makes to hold on to all that is left to it gives but a faint idea of the deathly grip it had on our whole political system when the little band, of whom Dorman B. Eaton and George William Curtis and Edwin L. Godkin were the most influential leaders, made their persistent assault upon it; nor is it easy now to recall the doubts as to the reality and efficacy of the reform in the early years after the law was enacted. It was generally looked upon, even by a large portion of the better class of newspapers, as a goody-goody sort of affair, which our red-blooded citizens would never allow to take the place of the stalwart American doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils. It was largely owing to the practical embodiment of the new principle in the person of vigorous and virile men like Col. Burt that this notion was overcome.

"City forest" may sound like a contradiction in terms, but it is the name officially given to an experiment that is under trial at Syracuse. As soon as announcement was made by the State College of Forestry at Syracuse University that the College wished to coöperate with woodlot and timberland owners in placing their holdings under scientific forest management, the Water Bureau of the city applied for aid in the care of 150 acres of second-growth timber. Evidently, there is no great amount of "town and gown" feeling at Syracuse. Sample plots were then laid out over the tract in question. Each plot is treated differently. One receives a thinning for the purpose of getting rid of the old trees and trees that will not grow quickly into timber. On another attention is paid to favoring the natural growth on the ground. On a third, evergreens will be planted. One or two plots will be left untouched, in order to furnish a basis of comparison with unattended timberland. Meanwhile, the timber removed from the tract is cut and put upon the market. It is estimated that it will return within a reasonable time 2½ or 3 per cent. compound interest. But the value of such an example of conservation as this seems to be is beyond mathematical calculation.

Colleagues and former students of Prof. Crawford Howell Toy, of Harvard University, have paid him a handsome tribute of affection and regard by contributing to a volume, entitled "Studies in the History of Religions," the expense of which Mr. Jacob H. Schiff has generously assumed. This *Festschrift* took shape on the occasion of Professor Toy's seventy-first birthday, in March, 1911, in a small faculty club at Harvard, over which he has presided since 1891. Six of the members of this club undertook the editing of the volume, or contributed to it—Profs. F. N. Robinson, C. H. Moore, G. F. Moore, Sheldon, Lyon, and Kittredge—and scholars at Oxford, Johns Hopkins, Yale, Bryn Mawr, Dr. W. H. Ward of the *Independent*, and others have gladly added to the imposing collection of articles. Dr. Toy was a modest soldier in the Con-

federate army, which he joined when a professor of Greek in Richmond, and afterwards he taught at Harvard for twenty-nine years, before retiring as Hancock professor emeritus. Always he has lacked the power to advertise himself. What could gratify such a man more than the willingness of associates and former students to lay at his feet the best products of their research and mature knowledge?

The teachers of Utah are determined that the children in that State shall love the flag whether they will or no. What is more, they will have no trifling with the subject on the part of any teacher who may lack faith in the efficacy of compulsory methods for instilling the sentiment of patriotism. Neither teacher, nor superintendent, nor school board—no, not even the Legislature—is to have any say in the matter if the recommendation of the Utah State Teachers' Association is put into effect, for it calls for an amendment of the State Constitution making the teaching of patriotism compulsory in the public schools.

To the remarkable series of convictions obtained by the District Attorney of New York the finding guilty of Hyde comes as a sort of triumphant climax. For there had been an almost universal expectation that this prosecution would not be successful. The crime charged was rare. The proof was technical and difficult to get before a jury. And Hyde had so long fought for delay, and had, at the last moment, produced what appeared at first to be so perfect an alibi, that even those who were fully persuaded that he had grossly abused his power as City Chamberlain felt that it would be impossible to convict him. But his alibi was shattered by the production of telephone records. The jury evidently believed Robin's testimony against Hyde, and was as plainly impressed by the bank records laid before it. In finding a verdict in accordance with the evidence, the jury and the District Attorney's office have rendered a public service as great in its way as the bringing to justice of Becker and the assassins of Rosenthal.

The wicked newspapers are at it again. Not content with defeating Mr. Roosevelt by "choking the channels of information," they are now overloading those same channels with false information in regard to that most beneficent of monopolies, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Fortunately, an unnamed director of the road is at hand to expose the whole dastardly business in this wise: "I am quite aware of the large amount of public comment the New Haven Road is attracting. I think if the newspapers stopped publishing these things and these lengthy reports, everything would come out right. The newspapers are at the bottom of half or all of this hue and cry." Exactly. It is the newspapers that have so terrorized Governors, Legislatures, Mayors, ministers, and the great body of commuters as to compel them to denounce so unjustly this great railway. Investigation will, we are sure, prove that those mass meetings of protest going on in Connecticut were paid for and organized by the wicked press. In fact, we should not be surprised if it should appear that enterprising reporters had deliberately caused all those wrecks by breaking rails and pulling out spikes.

If there is any lingering doubt in anybody's mind whether the Panama Canal is worth all it has cost, it will be removed by the announcement that the Government is to issue a special series of stamps in commemoration of the achievement. One reason why world's fairs have long outlived their original usefulness is because they give such an excellent excuse for issuing new sets of stamps. We do not speak from the narrow position of the stamp collector. Where is the man with soul so dead as not to brighten up at the sight of the most unwelcome letter bearing a blanket stamp with a picture of some historic event? During the period when a new series is flourishing, envelopes containing the most unattractive advertising matter are carefully preserved until the stamps have been inspected, on the chance that some one about the house or the office may not have seen the new one-cent or five-cent design.

Mr. Bonar Law, as leader in the House of Commons of the party which to-day asserts that it represents more truly than ever before "the gentlemen of England," continues to illustrate in his speeches what Mr. Asquith has characterized as "the new style." Speaking recently to a great party gathering, Mr. Law professed to be holding himself under severe restraint. His real thoughts about the Liberal Ministry he could not trust himself to express, and so he contented himself with mildly calling them "a Government of gamblers and adventurers, which, if it is allowed to carry out its programme, will lead this country headlong to ruin." But the Conservatives are not only the party of the aristocracy and of gentle breeding, they are the party of law and order. Hence it was peculiarly fitting for Mr. Law to assert that he and his fellow-Conservatives would never submit to a law duly enacted by the Parliament of Great Britain. He referred, of course, to the pending bill for Home Rule in Ireland. He fairly gave notice that he and his party would do their best to "wreck this bill in the House of Commons"; and he added that, if it became a law, "we shall wreck it then." If a responsible Irish Nationalist had said this, there would have been a loud Conservative cry for a Coercion act.

The fourth Russian Duma, which met in St. Petersburg on Thursday of last week, apparently belied predictions in electing for its president a candidate supported by the Centre and the Left against the reactionary Right, by a vote of 251 to 159. To strengthen its grip on the representatives of the people, the Government had resorted to the usual manipulations of the electoral law which have hitherto been so successful in restricting the vote to an inconsiderable fraction of the Russian people. The second and third Dumas were known as "Landlord" Dumas. For the latest elected body the Government set out to increase the strength of the clerical element among the Deputies. Up to the last moment it appeared to have obtained more than it bargained for. An actual majority of priests or deputies under clerical influence seemed probable, and the Government faced the possibility of having to do business with a body of reactionary Deputies more royalist than the King. By what supplementary tinkering such an outcome has been averted the dispatches have not told us. What is plain is that the Czar has now as docile a Parliament under his control as the last one, and that the chances of thorough reform are as remote as they were a year ago.

FORMING THE OPPOSITION PARTY.

Conferences about the future of political parties in this country are already being held, and more are to come. The Progressive leaders are to have a formal meeting in Chicago on December 10. But the Republicans will not be behindhand. They are busy putting their heads together and planning. President Taft has let it be known that he means to throw himself into the work of reviving and strengthening his party. He makes it a condition that he himself is not to be thought of as again a candidate. His appeal to Republicans is plainly meeting with response. Ex-Gov. Durbin of Indiana writes to the New York *Tribune* an expression of what is obviously a widespread and rising sentiment: "We shall be reinforced, not dispersed; our party will fight and win again—it will not die."

In all this matter, it is important to keep attention fixed upon the first step that is necessary. This is to form speedily an Opposition party that shall be as effective as possible. Let those who will speculate about ultimate victories and dream of distant millenniums. What we need at once, under our system of government by party, is, to vary the English phrase, Uncle Sam's Opposition. A new Administration will shortly be in power. But it is in its true interest, as well as in that of the country, that there should be a strong party to debate its measures, to scrutinize its policies, and to check any dangerous tendencies which it may display. In the House of Representatives the Democrats will be in strength not only overwhelming but embarrassing. Every cool student of politics is convinced that President Wilson could get on better with a smaller majority. All the more urgent the duty laid upon the minority to be vigilant and aggressive, and to put itself into the position of offering to the people, sooner or later, an alternative party, which they may use, if they desire, to punish or replace the party in power.

Starting with this early and specific need, what party bids fair best to supply it? There can be but one answer. The advantage of position and of opportunity is entirely with the Republicans. They have, to begin with, a great superiority in the numbers of men stationed where they can begin the fight. The popular electoral vote must be put aside for the moment. What we have to ask is where lies the great bulk of the Opposition strength in Legislatures and in Congress. It is in those bodies that the Opposition must be rallied. But the men on the ground, to be rallied, are nine-tenths Republicans. In the United States Senate, as it will be constituted after March 4, only a single Senator desires to be labelled "Progressive." In the House, the new party will have but a handful. If there is to be any effective Opposition at all, it will necessarily, for the next two years at least, be composed of Republicans.

These are the palpable facts, but what about the underlying principles? A party should not be thought of merely as an organization for carrying elections. The Opposition ought to mean more than just a club with which to beat the party in power over the head. As a great organ of popular expression, as well as of government, a party should have some definite convictions for which it stands, and should present a programme capable of being realized in legislation. Precisely, say the Progressives, and just there is where we come in strong. If it is a question of party principles, where are there any comparable with ours? And if the decisive thing is a definitive legislative undertaking, what other party can hold its own with ours? But in this there is something overlooked. A distinct party has to have something distinctive. To justify and maintain a separate life, it must mark itself off sharply from other parties. It may be for free trade, for example, or for protection, but must be so in a way to make it impossible to confuse it with another party. But can this be said of the Progressive party? Are not most of its principles already embodied in other parties? Is not its programme of lawmaking of a sort to be accomplished without the need of a new party? May it not prove that the Progressive movement of 1912—so far as it can be detached from motives of political vengeance or personal ambition—really had its lasting significance in quickening and leavening the old parties, rather than in beginning a new one?

We ask these questions in good faith. Upon the answer to them it will depend whether the Progressive party has any promise of long life as an organization by itself. It surely is not yet able to stand as a real party of Opposition. In time, it may push the Republican party aside, or may be assimilated with it; but at present it is not entitled to be reckoned as the second, or alternative, party, in either the nation or the more important of the States.

THE UNION PACIFIC DECISION.

Monday's decision of the Supreme Court, declaring illegal the holding by the Union Pacific of a controlling interest in the Southern Pacific stock, is of importance not only as part of a singularly interesting chapter of railway history, but in its bearing on the present railway situation. The Southern Pacific purchase belonged to what may be called the second period of the late E. H. Harriman's career. The first, which covered the years from the Union Pacific reorganization in 1897 to 1900, was marked by notable achievements on his part in building up that recently bankrupt property to a sound and profitable physical condition. The second embraced his efforts to acquire a direct connection westward from the main line Union Pacific terminus in Utah to the Pacific Coast. It was then that Harriman's negotiations for the Central Pacific property, owned by the Southern Pacific, came to a head.

His purpose was absolutely legitimate; it was the general purpose of the Congress which chartered both Union and Southern Pacific during the Civil War. The two lines were indeed constructed and owned by different groups of capitalists, but the belief of the day was that they would eventually be united into one great through line from the Missouri River to the Pacific. That logical union had never been effected. Union Pacific had been over-capitalized and badly managed, and long before it was able to contemplate a merger, C. P. Huntington, then building his own transcontinental line from southern California to the East, had, through lease and part ownership of stock, tied the Central Pacific hard and fast to the Southern Pacific system. Harriman's offer to buy the Central Pacific alone was refused. It was only after Huntington's death in 1900 that Harriman finally succeeded in his purpose, through the bold stroke of buying control of the whole Southern Pacific system, whereby, of course, the Union Pacific got its coveted through connection from Ogden to San Francisco.

This sequence of events is important to remember; for the Supreme Court is careful to intimate, in its decision, that while ownership by Union Pacific of the parallel and competing Southern Pacific Railroad is illegal restraint of trade, its ownership of Central Pacific alone is open to no such charge. The holdings of Southern Pacific must be surrendered, but the defendant company is invited to formulate a plan for separating Central Pacific from the larger system and retaining it.

We have described the Central Pacific negotiation as belonging to Mr. Harriman's second period. It is probable that the manner in which he succeeded in getting possession of that property, through buying the far more important company which owned it, prompted his active brain to conceive the daring exploits which made up the third, the most spectacular, and by all odds the most objectionable, chapter of his railway career. Very soon after the Southern Pacific incident came his failure to get for his company a partial control of the Burlington & Quincy, followed by his attempt to capture the Northern Pacific itself, which had acquired the Burlington.

In the one case, as in the other, Harriman discovered what seemed to be unlimited possibilities of raising money on Union Pacific's credit, for use in buying up other railways. Like other great capitalists of the day, he completely lost his head in the glamour of such achievements. The disastrous result of the Northern Pacific corner taught him nothing. He went on buying through Union Pacific's credit and placing in Union Pacific's treasury huge blocks of stock in railways all over the United States. He boasted publicly at an Interstate Commerce Commission hearing that he should go on doing so as long as he lived. His death put an end to the process, if indeed it had not already received its quietus from the panic of 1907, in causing which his exploits had no inconsiderable share.

All of these purchases of stock in other railways had been attacked in the Government's suit as action in restraint of trade, equally with the purchase of Southern Pacific. The Circuit Court decided in favor of the company as regards all the purchases, but on different grounds. The purchase of Southern Pacific was not in restraint of trade, because the essential purpose of the merger was to get Central Pacific, which was not a competing line. The purchase of stocks in other railways was not such restraint, because they represented in no case a controlling interest. The Supreme Court now upholds the lower court's decision as regards these minor acquisitions, but reverses it in the Southern Pacific matter. Looking beyond technicalities to facts, the court declares that Southern Pacific and Union Pacific are parallel and competing lines, and that their union under a single management involves restraint of trade.

It will thus be seen that the decision does not touch the most dangerous part of Harriman's idea—the conception of a railway as a corporate machine whose credit may be used to buy stocks in other railways not in any way needed for operating connections. The Anti-Trust law was apparently powerless to touch this practice, so long as actual control of competing lines was not acquired. Nothing is more certain, however, than that if Harriman's plan had been generally imitated, the practice would have been successfully attacked under other laws. Meantime, so far as concerns the Southern Pacific, it is plain that a highly interesting operation in company finance is at hand in the Union Pacific's disposition of its holdings of that stock in compliance with the Court's decree

BALKAN COMPLEXITIES.

Sir Edward Grey's proposal that the ambassadors of the Powers at any designated European capital should meet in conference on the general issues arising from the Balkan war, is unmistakably an indication of the desire for peace that animates at least two partners in the Triple Entente, namely, Great Britain and France. That the Czar also is averse to precipitating a conflict with Austria is made clear in the latest authoritative dispatches from St. Petersburg. In the rival camp, Germany, it has been admitted, has been coöperating with Great Britain to find a way out of an extraordinarily tangled situation. Apparently, therefore, there is no reason why the severe crisis of nerves that Europe has been experiencing these last three weeks should continue much longer. It has been a period of exaggerated fears and exaggerated suspicions. But such fears and suspicions have arisen less from the existence of irreconcilable conflict of interests among the Powers than from the difficulty of arriving at an understanding on a problem that involves so many contingencies and readjustments. To put it bluntly, the diplomats are badly mixed up. Sir Edward Grey virtually says so when he argues that an ambassadorial conference such as he suggests would do away with the necessity of interchanging dispatches among so many chancelleries. Take nearly a dozen Foreign Offices, imagine how every question brought up in any one of these must be communicated and re-communicated to every other Foreign Office, and only a mathematician can figure out the number of permutations and combinations involved. To cut loose from the telegraph wires and get a half-dozen men around a table would greatly clarify the situation.

The British proposal, it should be noted, avoids raising any question that might wound national susceptibilities in any quarter. It does not go into the issues at stake between Turkey and the Balkan states. It proposes to discuss the questions of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and the Ægean islands, phases of the Near Eastern question in which Europe as a whole has a legitimate interest. It is true that Albania, too, is included, and it is in Albania that Austrian and Servian interests have clashed. But, strictly speaking, the issue between Austria and Servia is not an Albanian problem, but an Adriatic problem. Servia's claim to an outlet upon the Adriatic may be reconciled with Austria's insistence upon an independent Albania. At any rate, for Sir Edward Grey to include Albania in the programme of the conference is to admit that the status of that region cannot be left to be settled between tne Balkan states and Turkey, and is thus a concession to the Austrian point of view. Undoubtedly, it is in the British Foreign Minister's mind that when once the ambassadors of the Powers take up the discussion of Europe's "general interests" in the Near East, their proceedings will react on the specific problems which will lie outside the scope of the conference. The terms that Bulgaria may exact from Turkey, the terms that Austria and Servia may arrive at, are not to come under consider-

ation. But inevitably the negotiations between Sofia and Constantinople, or between Vienna and Belgrade, will be affected by any approach to an agreement that may be attained at the proposed conference.

If such a conference does meet, it naturally brings up the question whether a general European Congress to deal with the entire situation in the Near East under its new aspect is probable. The temper of the parties most concerned is unquestionably hostile to such a Congress. The Balkan states remember the Congress of Berlin. Even if they are admitted to the Congress on a basis of equality with the Powers, there is no assurance for Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece that they will not be deprived of a goodly share of the prize which has cost them so heavily. With so many "honest brokers" in the field, the outcome becomes highly speculative. Nor is Austria willing to submit what she regards as her rights to general European arbitrament. She took this position four years ago when Great Britain and France brought forward the suggestion of a European Congress for dealing with the situation arising out of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Only on the understanding that a Congress of the Powers will limit itself to ratifying agreements privately arrived at among the interested parties, is Austria reported to be willing to entertain the idea. Merely to summon together an international registry bureau would be hardly worth the trouble, especially as the obvious need of the moment is the removal of difficulties that press for an immediate solution.

But whether the British proposal bears fruit or not, its effect must be to reassure public opinion. It would be bad enough if a general European war should come about as the result of irreconcilable differences among the Powers. But that Europe should be allowed to "drift" into war, as the phrase now runs, is an inconceivable thing. The diplomats have not gone about their business skilfully. They have given way to panic at a time when that most sensitive of instruments for registering the course of the future, the stock market namely, has shown no tendency to take fright. Neither at London, Paris, nor Berlin has the Bourse given any indication of taking the prospect of a European war seriously. And European editors who are so thoroughly used to approaching questions of international politics from the angle of finance are much beset to explain why their news columns should be so excited while their stock market reports are so calm.

KIPLING'S SCATTERED VERSE.

Mr. Kipling has collected virtually all the verses and chapter-headings scattered through his prose works, with the exception of the "Jungle Books" and the "Just So Stories." They make a full-sized volume, which he calls "Songs from Books." A cynic might remind him of Dr. Johnson's dictum: "He who makes a book out of books may be useful but can scarcely be great." But it is convenient to have these snatches of song collected, and, in a certain sense, they are more significant than the volumes of his poetry published as such; since as originally designed they represented, as it were, the poetic pith of his prose, and in prose his main success was achieved.

It has required a few years of thinking of other things for most of us to realize how much Mr. Kipling was in accord with the age he heralded. His perfect and immediate adjustment to the times seemed, indeed, almost uncanny. For his message is never phrased uncertainly, as though he were feeling his way: it invariably has the positive manner of an oracle speaking. His philosophy came to him in a flash, and has remained quite distinct and unchangeable. To sum up his outlook in a word, many have called it vision of empire. Yet if that were his chief concern his words would have lost most of their weight in these days when large portions of the British Empire are keeping much by themselves. Kipling's hope of a mighty Britannia serves rather as a concrete structure for his ideas in somewhat the same way that Dante gained sharpness of vision by adopting the mechanical notion of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. And though the ideas of succeeding days have in each case altered the framework, much of what is attached to it remains intact.

Thought of the sun never setting upon British rule helped Kipling, we may be sure, to his extraordinary feeling for the sweep of space and time. In this he is romantic, though romantic in a peculiar sense. Whereas the usual Romanticist strove to get away from the actual world, Kipling has little use for experiences which time and space do not record, to the complete understanding of the average man. A lover sent by his lady in search of blue roses, returns with the conviction:

> Mine was but an idle quest—
> Roses white and red are best.

Yet Kipling is much absorbed in out-of-the-way places and in the deeds of ancient days, for in one way or another these can be brought into touch with his own interests. His fancy runs easily to the South Pacific,

> Where the cuttles rest
> Moored o'er the darker deeps that hide
> The blind white sea-snake and his bride
> Who, drowsing, nose the long-lost ships
> Let down through darkness to their lips.

Nor has any one felt a greater thrill than Kipling over the foresight of Romulus:

> But when his brother leaped the wall
> And mocked its height and make,
> He guessed the future of it all
> And slew him for its sake.
> . . . . . .
> Foreseeing Time's imperilled hopes
> Of Glory, Grace, and Love—
> All singers, Cæsars, artists, Popes—
> Would fail if Remus throve.

This is the spirit with which we still conjure. The works of Neolithic man—of whom, indeed, Kipling sings—catch the fancy when shown to be definite stepping-stones to our own brave selves. Admit a material meaning for the world, and Kipling's reading of the present age enlightens all ages. Says the Bricklayer:

> I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
> Just by way of convincing you
> How very little, since things were made,
> Things have altered in the building trade.

Sense of fact, of positive achievement, is the breath of Kipling's creation. Even in his most indulgent moments he has no sympathy with men of different conviction. What though his own kind should be wrong (the supposition is wholly rhetorical), at least

> they tell the lies I am wonted to,
> They are used to the lies I tell.

Nor has he any doubt as to what constitutes a fact. In this volume of songs there is precious little use of the pretty details of flowers and birds and stars which usually enter into lyric poetry. He seems ill at ease when he touches them and is always glad to get back to such a manly matter as "the sting of the rowelled steel." Nowhere in the book is there a sentiment which a man

may not enjoy in the presence of his manly fellows. There are no halcyon days, or dreaming for the sheer beauty of the dream. What this all means has been made clearer since the views of M. Bergson have become so much the order of the day. It has been said that M. Bergson has arranged a series of impressions got from fleeting outward facts, yet no less impressions on that account; and hence is a counterpart of the Romanticists, whose fleeting inner feelings also yielded sacred impressions. In either case impressions are made the court of final appeal. Since Mr. Kipling first began to write, what he labelled "facts" have had more and more to submit to inspection before being permitted to pass as such, at least to the exclusion of other writers' facts. The doubters are not so numerous even yet, but their number is just great enough to make one suspect that most of this poet's message, though not yet outworn, is on the very point of passing. Some of it, of course, will always remain, as the work of one who could handle a style, in verse or prose, and who saw with amazing clearness what he saw.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Robert Collyer's great span of years made him a survivor of his own active fame. This fact will cause many who did not know the manner of man he was to be moved by his death to dwell mainly upon the romance of his career. In it there certainly was enough to stir wonder and quicken the imagination. For a self-taught boy to have passed from his Yorkshire forge to become a spiritual leader and a public force in the two chief cities of the United States, and to acquire a name throughout his adopted country which stood for years as the symbol of religious freedom and humane aspiration, would alone have made him appear a character apart. But such things do not come about by chance. In his case, too, it was personality that swayed circumstance. The "blacksmith-preacher" was as far as possible from the robustious type of ex-baseball players and college athletes tinged with religiosity who nowadays get a brief hearing in churches and elsewhere simply because they seek to sensationalize Christianity. In these modern curiosities of the pulpit there is no root, and they soon wither away. Dr. Collyer could not have held on his inspiring course for full fifty years if he had not had in him deep wells of thought and feeling which were continually renewed.

His nature was, indeed, a rare combination of manly qualities and delicate perceptions. Out of the strong came forth sweetness. It must have been that flowers grew near the young man's smithy. From the beginning of his public work he displayed, with every proof of vigorous thinking and positive convictions, poetic sensitiveness and a sympathy as wide as humanity. It was this happy union in Robert Collyer of gifts and traits seldom found together that gave him his singular appeal. His style of speech was also a thing by itself. He had brought with him from youth a fondness for the swift and sure words of homely English, and it abided with him. This racy language which he used might have seemed affectation in another; from Dr. Collyer's tongue it fell trippingly like the native means of expression that it was. The dress of his thoughts went perfectly with his physical appearance. Virile yet tender, a doughty champion but always overflowing with the milk of human kindness, he was, in his prime, a great figure in the pulpit or on the platform, and even when well-stricken in years he was a benignant presence.

In the long sweep of his life he saw many changes in the attitude of Americans towards religion and churches. In one of these at least Dr. Collyer had good reason to rejoice, for it was in the line of that breadth of tolerance for which he always stoutly contended. He lived to see the old bitterness among different Christian denominations largely disappear. The Unitarian church, to which he gave his devotion and service, was by many hotly denied the title Christian, at the time that he began his ministry. But that is all gone. It represented a sentiment which to-day seems as dead as the last of the ichthyosaurians. Theological differences may still remain real and be fought for honestly, but before such a life as Robert Collyer's the most bigoted intolerance grounds arms. Emerson was a Unitarian, and his friend, the seamen's preacher, "Father" Taylor, was severely orthodox; but when Emerson died and some one intimated a doubt of his eternal fate, Taylor gallantly remarked: "Well, if Emerson has gone to hell, all I can say is that the climate will speedily change and immigration will rapidly set in."

For organized Christianity and the value of public worship, it should seem that Robert Collyer came to have a stronger regard as his experience grew riper. In his early years at Chicago, he used sometimes to appear to hold lightly the place of the church in modern life. He wanted the religious instinct to be unfettered. He believed in Christianity out of doors and under the open sky, in the spirit of Longfellow's lines, inviting the devout to go into the woods to learn that "there may be worship without words." But it was noted, at the time that Dr. Collyer came to New York, that he took for the text of an early sermon: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." He preached then, and often later, of the indispensable functions of the church, both in meeting the longings of pious souls and standing as a visible witness to religious truth. This was no narrow ecclesiasticism, but simply a frank recognition of the enduring power of the church that is praying yet, a thousand years the same, though kings and empires have come and gone. It was in line, too, with all those ideas about the "institutional church" which have become so pervasive and so fruitful in recent years.

Dr. Collyer has been referred to as one of the last of the great preachers. It is sometimes said that organized Christianity has become so formal and church activities so extended that there is no longer a place or demand for high and moving preaching. Let Robert Collyer's life answer that. The pulpit still offers room and verge enough to a great personality. Emerson has somewhere a passage about a man of true native force being able to make his way and do his work even under the oldest and mouldiest conventions. Those who despair too quickly of the future of the pulpit because, as they think, it has become hopelessly formalized, should ponder upon what happens when a sturdy child of nature, with the love of God in his heart and a pulse that beats with every human wrong or misery, gets up to preach.

GEORGE MEREDITH IN HIS LETTERS.*

These volumes dispel persistent and sensational legends as to the paternity of George Meredith. As might be expected, the fact is more interesting than the legend. Meredith's father inherited and ran into the ground the excellent tailoring business of his father, Melchizadek, at Portsmouth. Melchizadek, a fine figure of a man and popular in all circles, is, naturally, no other than "the Admirable Mel" of "Evan Harrington." And here it is at least a noteworthy coincidence that Browning, in poetry Meredith's closest affinity, had a butler in his near ancestry. There is a temptation to draw a biologic inference as to the causes of a certain exuberance and incoherence in poets. It is safer to remark, perhaps, that Browning's butler grandsire has his memorial tablet, owing to the efforts of that sturdy democrat, the late Frederick J. Furnivall, whereas Melchizadek Meredith still awaits his honorary inscription. Yet the grandson's portraiture of the "Admirable Mel" may seem to suffice.

I.

It was probably the chance of George Meredith's being sent to the Moravian School at Neuwied-on-Rhine that made a singularly cosmopolitan writer of the tailor's son. Only so could he have got the training and impetus that kept a high sense of vocation through fifty years of drudgery as a publisher's reader. One may say also that without this near-hand survey of potent philistinism abroad, he would hardly have attained that detached and critical view of British civilization which is his peculiar philosophic advantage. Of course, such enlightenment came gradually. The first letter in this collection, written in 1844 to a Neuwied schoolmate, breathes an exaggerated pietism; the last, penned nearly sixty-five years later to Theodore Watts-Dunton, is a lament and eulogy on the death of the most pagan of poets, Swinburne. Between lay much hazardous tasting of the tree of knowledge, the bankruptcy of a great love, the rebuilding of a new happiness, valiant toil, constant alacrity in the face of bodily weakness and inner discouragement. No writer ever made his fight more bravely, and while the loving nature of George Meredith depended much on such friends as Frederick A. Maxse, John Morley, and Leslie Stephen, on the whole it is he who always gives. In fact, the first impression of these familiar letters is of an inordinate expenditure, both of emotion and intellect. They move one beyond the wont and propriety of their kind. Some sense of this makes the editor explain that the collection is primarily for Meredith's intimates. An outsider, however devout an admirer, will at times have a feeling of eavesdropping.

It is precisely this immoderateness about the letters that makes one doubt whether the most fascinating memoir of many years past is an addition to epistolary literature. In his letters Meredith was emphatically an absolutist, saying precisely what he had to say with the maximum emphasis. To be sure, there are admirably playful streaks in the correspondence, but usually to be playful meant to be riotous; witness the letters to William Hardman, "Friar Tuck." Now, the best familiar letters, by which, I suppose, a Briton means those of Walpole, Cowper, Lamb, and Edward FitzGerald, imply a certain discretion. Not, as is often maliciously suggested, a prevision of the literary executor, but at least the vision of the recipient within his social category. Walpole and Edward FitzGerald did not address bare isolated souls; they kept some sense of an audience; Paris and London rose behind the particular correspondent. Nothing is really abrupt in letters of this kind; they are based on an exquisitely flexible decorum. Already I hear the protest of admirers of these letters of Meredith against the application of etiquette to familiar correspondence. If the Meredith letters do not fit the categories, so much the worse for the categories. Here I can only say, first, that the question is not of good or bad letters—Meredith's are marvellously good—but of the kind of epistolary goodness that makes for literary permanency; and, next, that the question is a much larger one, namely: how much of the immediate sting of life is compatible with art? We shall best come to terms on these wide issues through analysis of the correspondence itself.

The grievance of an excess of life is rarely raised against either books or familiar letters, but listen to this: Meredith has to tell Hardman about a riding accident befalling "sons," Arthur Meredith. "My little darling was carried off, fell, dangled to the stirrup, and was dragged headlong over the furze." The father's imagination leaps at the hideous possibility. "Had he been kicked, or dragged on a road, I should have had a shattered heap of all I loved given to my arms." The concreteness of the shudder, most natural under the conditions, is what at once fascinates and repels throughout Meredith's writing. It was Mr. Brownell, I think, who first noted the excess of drastic physiological analysis in the master. Or if one wished to exemplify the combination of the lucid comic spirit with tenderness—a dominant theme of the famous "Essay on Comedy"—it might be done from this note to a friend whose wife, apparently, has let a flirtation run to extremes:

> As to the temptation, it was Eve's own doing, born of champagne and the promptings of her blood. . . . She is a well-meaning girl. Be kind to her. Do not grow ironical. Forbear from satire at tender intervals. Make her believe (she will so readily!) that she is never ridiculous, or that you never see it, which is a subtler flattery, for woman is cute, and would rather that you should have the bandage on your eyes than that she should.

The epigrammatic veracity and tenacity of such passages equals that of the novels. Whether the suave muse of familiar correspondence is not overfreighted with such jewels, the discerning reader may judge.

II.

So compact with various human wisdom are these pages that a reviewer is perforce driven to categories. On none could one go wrong. Ten years before Ruskin had set Cockneydom hunting Carpaccio's painting, Meredith wrote to Tom Taylor, "Do you remember the Carpaccios in Venice? Surely, justice is not done to his extraordinary sweetness and richness. If I did not love Giorgione and Titian so much, I should rank him my favorite. His faces are as sweet as Fra Angelico's, with variety and humanity superadded." From the whole field of the arts opinions of equally delicate independence might be gleaned. Have the defects of two notable players been better hit off than in these lines to Admiral Maxse?: "Very handsome—not a shade of mystery or variableness. The heroine for bold dragoons." That Lily Langtry is meant need hardly be said. "Saw Irving as Romeo. The love play ceases to present a sorrowful story, and becomes a pageant with a quaint figure ranting about." But if category we must choose, the best will be literature, for Meredith's opinions in letters were also convictions in life.

And here note that a much-read man does not dwell on the world's great writers in familiar correspondence. For Meredith's homage to Shakespeare we must go to the poems. In the letters we shall find only the amused confession that in some remote nonage Meredith preferred to read Tennyson. Homer appears merely to rebuke Arthur Meredith for, with Napoleon, daring to prefer Ossian. Nor would the Greek dramatists have appeared in these pages at all had it not been necessary to persuade Lady Ulrica Duncombe, caught by the martial thrum of German verse, that such poetry, after all, is "deficient in great images." So a citation in Greek, from a chorus of Sophocles's "Trachiniæ," to the Sun God

> Whom spangled night, as she dies away,
> Brings forth, and again lulls to sleep.

The single mention will establish both the familiarity and the homage, as does in the case of Milton the state-

Letters of George Meredith. Collected and edited by his Son. In two volumes, with portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

ment that he is nearest of all moderns to "the ancient poetical music." I need hardly recall that Meredith's specific tribute to the great comic authors is made in the "Essay on Comedy." Rabelais, Boccaccio, and Montaigne reappear for a moment in the letters as a foil to the decorative "Musery" of Tennyson's "Holy Grail." Dante is the most notable omission, and I cannot think it fortuitous. The concreteness of the Florentine's visions would hardly have atoned for the dogmatically inhuman inflexibility of his closed universe. Wordsworth also apparently did not exist for Meredith. Singularly, few critics are mentioned, though John Morley's books are successively hailed with delight. Renan is praised chiefly as author of the "Life of Jesus," yet "a most delicate irony scarcely discernible from tenderness" is justly remarked. Oddly enough, Meredith seems to have remained insensible to Renan's most gifted successor, Anatole France. For Matthew Arnold there is short shrift. He "was born from the pulpit and occupied it, and might have sermonized for all time, but that he conceived the head of the clerk below to be the sconce of the British public, and that he must drum on it with an iterated phrase perpetually to awaken understanding." The view is partly unfair, and wholly delicious.

Among young writers to whom Meredith gave prompt and cordial recognition were Rossetti, James Thomson of "The City of Dreadful Night," Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, and Alice Meynell. Rudyard Kipling's fame seems never to have interested Meredith. Probably he felt that, with the Germans, Kipling was "deficient in great images." Rather oddly, no mention of Henry James as writer is in the letters. Here the accident of neighborhood and friendship may have made correspondence superfluous. One may assume that the consummate comedian in Meredith would have relished "The Ambassadors"; the philosopher might well have rejected as eccentric "What Maisie Knew." Surely, the strangest silence of the letters is concerning Browning. His robust attack and explosive utterance, together with a rich and kindly humor, make him nearest akin to Meredith of all contemporaries. They saw each other familiarly in society, and in many ways they fought the same fight. No two great men of our time seem more clearly designated for a literary comradeship after the Goethe-Schiller model. What kept them apart may have been a mutual distrust of the ardor of their inspiration. John Morley's cool intelligence was much more to Meredith's purpose than any unnecessary reinforcement of his own native exuberance. Besides this, Meredith scorned an optimism based on the chance of repairing the blunders of this world in a world to come. This may have made him resent a reading of life that in a degree was a travesty of his own. Thus the apparent kinship of Browning may have seemed a weakening of his own carefully chosen position, in which case the frequent statement that Meredith himself was a disciple of Browning must have been grievous indeed. Whatever the cause of a defective sympathy, one may be sure that it was grounded in principle. Of the smaller jealousies George Meredith was entirely incapable.

III.

That Meredith was fundamentally a philosopher with a reasoned scheme of life must be clear to any careful reader of the novels. It is interesting to note that in the letters, also, the degree of philosophy is the standard by which greatness is measured, and here Meredith finds himself in accord with Parson Arnold. Fortified by this standard, he resisted the seductiveness of Victor Hugo, to which the entire generation succumbed. Of the ballad "Les Cymbaliers du Roi" Meredith writes: "I do not find any comprehension of human nature, or observation, or sympathy with it. I perceive none of the subtleties, deep but unobtrusive, that show that a mind has travelled. Great windy phrases, and what I must term (for so they hit my sense) encaustic imageries, do not satisfy me any longer." Of "Les Misérables" Meredith's praise was enthusiastic, with the proviso that "it is conceived in pure black and white." Again, after the "Travailleur de la Mer" he wrote of Hugo: "He is the largest son of this mother earth in this time present. Magnificent in conception, unsurpassed—leagues beyond us all—in execution. Not (nur Schade!) a philosopher. There's the pity. With a philosophic brain, as well as his marvellous poetic energy, he would stand in the front rank of glorious men forever."

That a thing should be well grasped intellectually remained for Meredith a cardinal literary virtue. Near the end of his life he writes of Björnson, much as he had written forty years earlier of Hugo: "It would seem that he does not think out his work before he starts. But I can forgive him much for his vigor and raciness." It was this love of structure that made Meredith praise Daudet's great political novel, "Numa Roumestan," while indifferent to the others. The same standard is in mind when Maxse is warned against taking Carlyle's vehemence literally:

> In reading Carlyle, bear in mind that he is a humorist. The insolence offensive to you is part of his humor. He means what he says, but only as far as a humorist can mean what he says. See the difference between him and Emerson, who is, on the contrary, a philosopher. The humorist, notwithstanding, has much truth to back him. Swim on his pages, take his poetry and fine grisly laughter, his manliness together with some splendid teaching. It is a good set-off to the doctrines of what is called the "Empirical School." I don't agree with Carlyle a bit, but I do enjoy him.

His nearest approach to spleen is aroused by Tennyson of "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail." The praises of it "shut me away from my fellows." Yet worse than the satiny diction and rococco saintliness of the book seemed Tennyson's lack of any consistent reading of life. Of Ruskin's enthusiasm for the Laureate, Meredith remarks: "What he says of Tennyson I, too, thought in my boy's days, that is, before I began to think. Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy, and philosophy is the palace of thought." In the same letter, as if to prove open-mindedness, he adds: "Much of Ruskin's political economy will, I suspect, be stamped as good by posterity. He brings humanity into it." In short, Ruskin's attempt at a comprehensive social synthesis and contempt at the arbitrary definitions of the Empirical School constituted him a philosopher. Again, a remarkable estimate of Thomas Hardy's "Tess"—Meredith profoundly admired his genius—affects consistency of method. "If the author's minute method had been maintained, we should have had a finer book. It is marred by the sudden hurry to round the story. And Tess, out of the arms of Alec, into (I suppose) those of the lily-necked Clare, and on to the black flag waving over her poor body, is a smudge in vapor—she at one time so real to me." But Hardy remained "one of the few men whose work I can read."

Since philosophy was his touchstone, it is no wonder that Meredith was an adorer of the many-sided Goethe. This fealty emerges casually in the letters, and as a matter of course. "If it is *toujours* Goethe, that is because I share the *culte*." This to Lady Ulrica Duncombe. Then, with a most delicate flattery: "Indeed, I fancy I should not have my place with you apart from this alliance. No, I have never written of Goethe. In my younger days Carlyle had the field. He commended the study of Goethe to me constantly. . . . I do worship the splendid statue clothed with wisdom, only I claim the right to smile now and then." Even more precious than such explicit professions is the domestication of Goethe as champion of Diana of the Crossways. Lady Ulrica had made the usual protest against Diana's perfidy, and in the course of an incomparable defence, which cannot even be suggested here, the crowning argument is, "Goethe would have appreciated her."

IV.

It will have occurred to the reader, as it has many times to the writer, that

there is an apparent discrepancy between Meredith's loyalty to philosophy and the spontaneously exuberant quality of his own verse and novels. His habits of composition he often confessed were the most irregular. It was a chance whether he came out with one volume or three. His heroes and heroines ran away with him. The great changes which he made in his collected edition indicate dissatisfaction with the fundamental structure of his works. Probably two-thirds of the American adorers of Diana know her only in a truncated version, and have not so much as perceived the mutilation. These are facts with which a critic must reckon seriously. Yet the disorderly element in Meredith is more apparent than real. Mostly an irrepressible wit is concerned—a mind that constantly flashes pertinently and yet askew. It is difficult to follow the path for the incidental illumination. But these are idiosyncrasies in rhetoric rather than defects in structure. And through all the novels runs a common teaching—Meredith would not have blinked the word—of the value of mastered experience and the peril of sentimentally evading life. The sin that temporarily soils, in the long run may fortify and purify. Success is to win through the falls and pitfalls, failure is to decline the hazards or meet them without understanding. Diana and Clara Middleton are examples of Meredithian success, Feverel and Sir Willoughby Patterne of various sorts of failure. The main thing is to live your facts knowingly, paying gallantly the necessary price of experience. Browning's view is much the same, with the essential difference that the harder sporting chances of life may be made up for in eternity. Before we face the worth of this view of life, it may be well to quote a remarkable letter on realism in which much of Meredith's philosophy is implied:

> Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is as an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe, and, in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists *au fond*. But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us earth, but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer. . . . For my part, I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess. I admit we can refashion, but of earth must be the material.

Translated into morals, the evident meaning of this passage is that thought is valuable only as it grows out of personal experience. It was the lived quality in Maupassant's stories that won Meredith's approval. Though here he clearly perceived that one can live too much. "A moderated youth would have given him [Maupassant] life. In reality, for a man of his powers, he produced little." And what made Meredith, while admiring, distrustful of Hawthorne was precisely the thin current of life in him. "His deliberate analysis, his undramatic presentations, the sentience rather than the drawings which he gives you of his characters, and the luscious, morbid tone, are all effective. But I think his delineations untrue; their power lies in the intensity of his egotistical perceptions, and are not the perfect view of men and women." Both in direct analysis and literary preference we have seen Meredith's reverence for the unassorted facts of life, and his mistrust of reflection unbased on life itself. We may note that the analysis of Hawthorne explains why there is no hint in the letters of such writers as Walter Pater, Flaubert, Gautier—apostles of the isolated mood, of the thing not lived with but set off and seen. Perhaps the whole of Meredith's philosophy might be found in the scene in which Faust reads "In the beginning was the Word," and finds the saying blind, needing interpretation. Then he tries "In the beginning was the Mind." But is it Mind that works and creates? "In the beginning was the Might." Again too vague. The Earth Spirit at last prompts "In the beginning was the Deed." This, I take it, is the essence of George Meredith's teaching, and it constitutes him the original Pragmatist.

Naturally, it is not incumbent on a reviewer of Meredith's familiar letters to present a critique of pragmatism. Yet it is fair to say that this view of no thought as valid unless personally derived from individual experience, is most questionable, whether in life or in art. Genetically we must accept the axiom "In the beginning was the Deed," but it is doubtful if simple genetic arguments ever go far towards explaining the complicated flux and reflux of thought and deed in a human life. In an experience so usual as religious conversion we must surely reverse the order and return to Faust's "In the beginning was the Mind." Moreover, it is most practically important to know whether the race can learn from history, or the individual from imaginative perception of another's failure in life. Probably rather little is so learned, and yet we must hesitate to deny the validity of such vicarious experience when rightly interpreted. Even Meredith, I presume, would not have had the poet live on the scale of a Byron and Maupassant, and he urged his own son to seek worldly wisdom and polish in the letters of Cicero.

There is probably some exaggeration of the notion of firsthandedness in Meredith, but, after all, it is the onesidedness proper to a drastic limner of life. Properly understood, this counsel to live resolutely and wisely in the whole of life makes both for personal righteousness and a wide charity. As a revolt against a certain idealistic mawkishness in the Tennysonian era, Meredith's flexible materialism was unquestionably serviceable. "I hold that to be rightly materialist," he writes—"to understand and take nature as she is—is to get on the true divine high-road." And it should be said that Meredith's complete fearlessness on questions of sex was ever illuminated by ultimate moral values and entirely devoid of baser curiosity. "Who reads must smell putrid for a month," he writes of one of the nastier books of Catulle Mendès. And he adds with mingled disgust and hopefulness, "Sheer realism, breeder at best of the dungfly! Yet has that realism been a corrective of the more corruptingly vaporous, with its tickling hints of sensuality. It may serve ultimately in form of coprolite to fatten poor soil for better produce." Perhaps the essence of Meredith—his counsel of a control of life, alert and resolute, yet not too anxiously intellectual—may best be suggested in two stanzas of his favorite poem, Goethe's "Das Göttliche." "I have many times come in contact with it and been ennobled," he writes to John Morley. "This is the hymn for men. . . . All other prophecy is insolence:

> 'Tis only man
> May work the impossible,
> He the distinguisher,
> Chooses and judges.
> He to the moment
> Duration may lend.
>
> He alone may
> Guerdon the good,
> Punish the evil,
> Healing and saving;
> Erring and random things
> Binding to use."

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

I have just found two overlooked references to the movements in 1597 of "Lord Harbert"—as Rowland Whyte, good, garrulous newsman, always calls the eldest son of the second Earl of Pembroke in his Letters to Sir Robert Sydney, younger brother of the famous Sir Philip Sydney and maternal uncle of "Lord Harbert." It is in Whyte's Letters that I have found these two overlooked references, along with several others of minor importance.

The first tends point-blank against the

theory that Herbert was Shakespeare's friend, because it locates the young nobleman in Holland in the spring of 1598. The passage runs thus: "I . . . heare that my Lord *Harbert* the next Spring shall come to *Leiden*. . . . *Strand*, this *Wednesday* the 27 of *Aprill*, 1597." ("Letters and Memorials of State . . . written and collected by Sir Henry Sydney . . . Sir Philip Sydney . . . and . . . Sir Robert Sydney . . . Transcribed from the originals . . . By Arthur Collins . . . 1746." Vol. II, p. 46.)

It will be remembered that hitherto, in order to place Lord Herbert in London as early as 1598, so that he and the poet could meet there, dependence has been put upon an earlier reference made by Whyte in these same Letters, namely: "My Lord *Harbert* hath with much a doe brought his Father to consent that he may live at *London* yet not before the next Spring" (p. 43). This is dated Monday, the 19th of April, 1597.

It now appears from Whyte's next letter, eight days later, that he corrects his earlier report by this emphatically worded "Shall come to *Leiden*."

We know that the University at Leiden was of the first eminence in the sixteenth century. The strongly Protestant predilections of the Sydneys and Pembrokes agree well, too, with a determination of the parents of this restive young nobleman of seventeen to send him to the great Dutch University.

This reference was overlooked by Lodge in the summary in his "Portraits" (1821, Vol. II) of the Life of the Third Earl of Pembroke. This Life is one of the first, if not the first, of the more modern accounts (since Aubrey's, Wood's, and Clarendon's), and is still in some respects the best. Lodge quotes the since often-cited Letter of April 19, and then adds: "We do not heare that he travelled." Evidently in the absence of evidence of travel, such as the Letter of April 27 now supplies, Lodge draws the inference—"he came accordingly about that time to London."

Mr. Thomas Tyler's edition of the "Sonnets" (1890), made by him a special argument to identify Herbert with "Mr. W. H.," is virtually based upon this inference. Mr. Tyler takes it as fact, and Dr. Sidney Lee accepted it in his Life of Herbert in the Dictionary of National Biography. Although Dr. Lee has since become an opponent of the Pembroke theory, he has left the evidence in question undisturbed in the Appendix on Shakespeare and Pembroke in his "Life of Shakespeare" and in his later editions of the "Sonnets" (1905, 1908). Mr. George Wyndham, in his admirable edition of the "Poems" (1898), giving a specially full recapitulation of passages in Whyte's Letters bearing on Herbert, has not hit upon the overlooked reference. In verifying the citations of my predecessors in the spring of 1911 for my own notes on the "Sonnets"—the final volume published this October, of the "First Folio Edition of Shakespeare"—it escaped me, as I suppose it has escaped others, because, as it happens, this citation is not in the Index. I come upon it, now, in reading the Sydney Letters with special care for some present work on the "Sonnets."

The second overlooked reference is rather surprising, too, for it brings Lord Herbert to London earlier than any Herbertist has yet ventured to do. It runs as follows:

I understand that 9000 comes to end the Matter you wrote of; in some Sorte I am glad you are not heare for then must you of Necessity have bene a Meddler and a Dealer in yt. At 9000 Arrivall I will earnestly stand upon yt to have something done for you. To have your leave to be a counsailor; to be a Baron is the Thing that shall be desired by me; if they will hearken unto yt. I see that 900 receaves, as he hath just cause, great Contentment by yt. . . . *Strand* this *Monday* the 13th of October 1597. (Pp. 66-67.)

This is the first time Whyte speaks of Lord Herbert under the cipher "9000," which he uses for him repeatedly later. Occasionally he changes the ciphers from one man to another, but I find no reason to suppose any change in "9000." Under "900" he refers to Lord Buckhurst, the Lord Treasurer. The context shows in general, as in this particular extract it also suggests, that Herbert's uncle, Sir Robert Sydney, in the performance of his duties as Governor of Flushing was, like his father, Sir Henry, always in money embarrassments with the exacting Queen, and fretting for leave to come away from the Netherlands to England, hoping there to enjoy a less onerous office and a higher rank and title. The wealthy Lord President of Wales, the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Robert's kinsman by marriage with his sister Mary, was always called upon to back him. In particular the countess herself and their eldest son, Lord Herbert, are perpetually engaged, if we are to trust Whyte, in doing something at court and being manœuvred into doing more for the Governor of Flushing. But this is the first mention I have found of young Lord Herbert's dutiful offices.

His visit appears to have been a transient one, for Sir Robert's leave to come to England, then being urged, hung fire until March, 1598. Whyte's letters about it, meanwhile, are constant, and although repeated letters from the Earl and his wife to the Queen are sent up by "Mr. Massinger," there is no other mention of "9000" as envoy or courtier. Whether he may then have been on his way via Flushing to Leiden, who can say?

In July of 1599, however, it appears from a letter to Sir William Browne from the Leaguer that Lord Herbert's father was lieutenant of horse in the English camp before "Bommell," about twenty miles from Leiden. Mention of the Earl as back in England occurs, moreover, again with reference to the English cavalry in the same letter of Whyte's to Sir Robert, dated August 4, 1599, which has hitherto been depended upon by all Herbertists as furnishing the first mention of Lord Herbert in London:

Lettres are sent, I heare, to my Lord Pembroke [and others] to provide presently 100 Horse a Peece . . . and to send them up for her Majesties Gard. (P. 112.)

At the close of this letter occurs the often quoted passage proving the son's presence in London:

My Lord Harbert means to follow the Camp and bids me write unto you that if your self come not over [from Flushing] he meanes to make bold with you and send to *Pennshurst* for *Bayleigh* [his Uncle Robert's horse] to serve upon, etc. (P. 113.)

These additional references, taken together, suggest to me that the earl, being overpersuaded early in April of 1597 to let his son go to London "next spring," concocted a scheme to take him to a "safe" Dutch university instead. In order to cross to Leiden or to go to his uncle in Flushing the young lord might pass through London and be employed in the family affairs on behalf of Sir Robert. Perhaps at Flushing as well as at Leiden, perhaps in camp with his father or joining him for the return to England—but, at any rate, in Leiden, the present evidence shows that Lord Herbert must be located, in 1598, and, so far as known, until about August 4, 1599.

His absence from England agrees, too, with his father's plans for him at this time. They are shown in the Earl's letter of Sept. 3, 1597, to Lord Burleigh, a letter now in the Record Office and first cited by the Rev. W. A. Harrison. It concerns a projected marriage contract of Lord Herbert with an immature girl of thirteen—Lady Bridget Vere. The stiff governing hand of the old Earl is betrayed in passing: "after the marriage is solemnized & my sonne gonne to travell."

I scarcely need add, since these are the facts, that an intimate friendship between Shakespeare and Herbert can no longer be assumed to occur until the middle of 1599. The main biographical event of the "Sonnets" is, of course, the tragic break in the happiness of the poet in the love of his friend due to the friend's confessed "sensuall fault" with the woman whom the poet had loved. Since Meres mentioned "Shakespeares Sonnets," in 1598, and Jaggard published in 1599 two of them (138, 144) which unequivocally refer to this main biographical event, neither can it any longer be assumed that this event occurred with relation to Lord Herbert as Shakespeare's friend.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Correspondence

PROF. HART ON THE SOUTHERN VOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anybody who guesses on elections is subject to rude awakenings and unwelcome comment; and I do not complain that the *Nation* entertains unfavorable views both of the result of the recent Presidential contest and of an analysis of those returns which I made in the New York *Times* of November 10. In fact, when a kind but unknown friend sent me the clippings from your issue of November 14, I was for a moment overwhelmed with a sense of the blunder that I must have made—so strong is still the terror of the *Nation* upon ordinary mortals. I was afraid that the umpire had at last caught me playing offside. It is therefore a cause both for astonishment and for relief to discover that the statements which you so derisively criticise are true, or as near true as was possible with the incomplete returns then available.

The statement which you most contemn is: "The scanty returns show Roosevelt votes in every Southern State, with a total of between 500,000 and 600,000. That is a splendid start in the South, but the greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party." You seem to have difficulty in understanding what is meant by "the South"; but I cannot admit that your private definition of the South as "eleven

States" is binding either on the geographer or on the analyzer of Presidential votes. Two useful maxims of law are, that words are to be taken in their ordinary sense; and that a construction which reconciles two statements is to be taken in preference to a construction which makes one of them absurd. One would think that a paragraph writer might discover from my totals that I was dealing with fifteen States instead of eleven. I will acknowledge one general statement which is not mistaken, but is really less favorable to my contention than my figures warranted. The total Roosevelt votes in fifteen Southern States (including West Virginia, but not Delaware) was not "between 500,000 and 600,000," but stood at 610,000 when my statement was made up. That is a splendid start for a new party.

The following table makes the conditions clear:

Southern votes (in thousands):

	Taft, 1908.	Taft, 1912.	Roosevelt, 1912.
1 Alabama	25	8	18
2 Arkansas	57	30	37
3 Florida	11	7	8
4 Georgia	42	6	22
5 Louisiana	9	5	15
6 Mississippi	4	2	5
7 North Carolina	115	30	60
8 South Carolina	4	1	3
9 Tennessee	118	55	38
10 Texas	66	36	19
11 Virginia	53	21	46
	504	202	271
12 Kentucky	236	110	100
13 Maryland	117	53	58
14 Missouri	347	193	128
15 West Virginia....	138	25	53
	1,342	583	610

You scoff at my statement that the "greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party." Good heavens, if it *could* be had, why was it not had in the last election when it was so much desired? Why did the Taft vote, which, in the fifteen Southern States, was 1,342,000 in 1908, sink to 583,000 votes in 1912? What you call in your editorial "so gross a blunder—due to no arithmetical slip," is an exact, truthful, and accurate statement, upon which the opponents of the Progressive party may dwell profitably. The Republican party lost 750,000 votes in the South from 1908 to 1912. The Progressives came up from nothing to 610,000. How many of that 610,000 votes will ever be had by the Republican party?

So, with reference to my statement that in Texas the Progressive "choice of delegates [to Chicago] corresponded to the strength of the Roosevelt forces as against the Taft forces." The Taft vote in Texas in the election of 1908 was 66,000; in 1912 it was 36,000, and the Roosevelt vote was 33,000. Probably Roosevelt got some Democratic votes—on the other hand, some of the Taft votes of 1908 were not cast at all in 1912. It is a valid inference that there were more Roosevelt voters behind the Roosevelt delegates and contestants than Taft voters behind the Taft delegates to Chicago from Texas last spring.

It is not so demonstrable, but it is a reasonable inference, that the *Nation* is so hurt and disappointed at the leap of the Progressive party to the second place, presaging the downfall of the Republican party, that it can no longer see straight or write straight. I am perfectly familiar with your little habit of tying a can of nitroglycerine to the end of letters of protest such as this; and have no doubt that you will find new grounds for posting the writer as a fool; but I cheerfully leave it to the umpire—that is, to the reading public—to decide which has been guilty of offside play in this controversy.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

Cambridge, November 26.

[The passage referring to the Southern vote, in Professor Hart's letter to the *Times*, was as follows:

Up to last June the Republican organization still had the opportunity to appear a second time as the protagonist of great moral ideas; to appeal to the justice of the nation; to rouse the young voter. It could have succeeded in 1912 on that basis, but it could not succeed indefinitely because the name Republican repels the voters in the South who would otherwise act with Northern brethren. The scanty returns show Roosevelt votes in every Southern State, with a total of between 500,000 and 600,000. That is a splendid start in the South, but the greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party.

It seemed plain that the Southern States here intended were that group of States, south of the border States and usually referred to as the Solid South, in which the Republican party has hitherto been a hopeless minority; the purport of the passage seemed clearly to be that the 500,000 or 600,000 Roosevelt votes represented something new and peculiar in the region referred to—votes which had previously been unattainable by the Republican party. Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and West Virginia, which it now appears that Professor Hart meant to include, are of a wholly different character from the eleven States of the Solid South. In each one of these four States, the vote has for many years been pretty evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats. Kentucky went Republican in the Presidential election of 1896, Maryland in 1896 and 1900, Missouri in 1904 and 1908, and West Virginia was carried by the Republicans in the four consecutive Presidential elections of 1896, 1900, 1904, and 1908. And neither in these four States, nor in the other eleven, was a "splendid start" made by Roosevelt in any other sense than that in which he made a splendid start in all the other sections of the country—*i. e.*, the division of the Republican vote. Whether we take the eleven States, the four States, or the fifteen States, we find the sum of the Taft and Roosevelt votes in 1912 materially less than the Taft vote in 1908.—ED. NATION.]

VERSE TRANSLATIONS IN THE LOEB CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to add my emphatic protest to that of your correspondent against the use of verse translations in the Loeb edition of classical writers. That edition will be used, I suppose, mainly by general readers like myself, who make no pretension to classical scholarship, but have endeavored to keep up their acquaintance with the original text of the Greek and Latin writers, believing that few things in life are better worth while. Such readers wish to avoid the drudgery of a lexicon, not only because it is drudgery, but because it tends to destroy the current of pleasure which comes from the swift following of the text itself. All that is required is to be able to turn from a difficult passage and by a momentary glance to catch the word or phrase that affords the solution. It is for this purpose solely, as I understand it, that the Loeb editions are issued, and for this purpose a verse translation, that is, one which necessarily distorts the literal meaning to an extreme degree, is most unsatisfactory. The barest, baldest prose, clinging close to the word-for-word sense, is far more useful. Indeed, any attempt at independent effects of style is objectionable, as distracting the attention unduly from the sole point of real interest, the original.

I sincerely trust that in dealing with Sophocles, Æschylus, and Pindar the verse method will be abandoned.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., November 23.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In comment on the letter of Elizabeth Knights Tompkins anent the Loeb Library, will it be of interest to record the impression of one who, having read his Greek authors for twenty-five years in the original, feels justified in saying that he does not need the translation? His regret is that so fine a work as Lang, Leaf and Myer's "Iliad" was not in verse; he experiences a keen pleasure in reading Mrs. Browning's versified renderings of the choral odes of the "Prometheus"; Pollard's "Odes from the Greek Dramatists" is a source of constant joy to him; and he has found, in his classroom, that the translation in verse invariably carries the day with an average class of American young men and women. So that he for one hopes for more verse translations in the Loeb Library. It seems a pity indeed that in translating the works of the Greek genius, one of its most essential qualities, that of plastic form, should be omitted.

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Tufts College, November 22.

ART IN EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your notice (November 21) of the pamphlet published by the Princeton University Press on "The Study of the History of Art in the Colleges and Universities of the United States" calls attention to the fact that less than one-quarter of our colleges give courses in the history of art, while barely more than one-sixth have a special professor in the subject. Great as is the improvement shown even by this state of affairs over that which existed ten years ago, the fact remains that the history of art is a subject regarded as unimportant in the academic world of the United States. This is a comment on American college and university ideals of culture not pleasant to face. One wonders what the reason may be.

Is it that three-quarters of our colleges have presidents and faculties, regents and trustees, so obsessed with the notion of advancing only those subjects which lead to what may be called profitable utilities that they have lost faith, if they ever had it, in culture as an end in itself, not to say a vital power in society? In this opening of the twentieth century, when our institutions of higher education are giving their strength and resources so undividedly to the making of chemists, botanists, zoölogists, school teachers, journalists, and cooks, the fruits of science and pedagogy, there is of course little room left in the curriculum, and small funds in the exchequer, for teaching and investigating subjects which relate to "the mysterious forces of the spirit"—art, music, poetry.

The answer to this difficulty is easy. Start with a good man, and give him what you can for equipment. If he is a really good man, he can instruct and delight his students, broadening their intellectual and æsthetic horizons, quite apart from any great collection of photographs, lantern-slides, and casts. Nothing is more dangerous than too much equipment, since the history of art courses may easily become picture-gazing "snaps" for the student, and lecturing "snaps" for the professor, everything being called into service but brains. The point is that a small equipment need not cost much, and that a small equipment is plenty to start with. Because we may not be able to command a library of one hundred thousand volumes, it by no means follows that we cannot learn much from one hundred. It is so with the possible equipment of courses in the history of art. Surely it is not the expense that keeps these three hundred out of four hundred American colleges from giving such courses. No man ever did so much in this country to vitalize and keep alive an interest in the history and meaning of art as Professor Norton, and it is doubtful if any man ever had a smaller equipment than he for years and years.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

University of Indiana, November 29.

Literature

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

One will look far for a choicer gift-book than "Boston, New and Old" (Houghton Mifflin; $7.50 net). The drawings, by Lester G. Hornby, include all the fine old bits, as well as the new and imposing, and reveal that artistic sense which last year made his drawings of New York much more than a play of surfaces. To Bostonians, his present work should bring delight, for, without in any way disguising his subject, he has seized upon the things which residents of Boston like to think make it different from the rest of the world. Mr. T. R. Sullivan explains brightly and briefly the changes which have come over the city with the years, together with the customs which have remained the same. Frequenters of the Park Street corner will be comforted to learn that it was ever breezy. Legend has it that, when the Wind and the Devil first came to this locality, the Devil entered the Park Street Church, while the Wind waited for him outside. Now, that house of worship cast such a spell over the evil one that he never could escape. And the Wind still waits. There are amusing pages on the relations of street-car conductors with best families. The former, blessed creatures, maintain, we are told, a Bostonese purity of speech. "Leave by the *nearer* door," calls the conductor, never forgetting himself. While on the subject, the author relates the story of a New York conductor, "who goaded forward a stately, high-souled dame by his coarse shout of 'Step lively, lady!' She, more than equal to the occasion, with a scathing look, replied, 'I have no wish to linger,' and swept him by."

By the side of this volume on Boston may be placed F. Hopkinson Smith's "Charcoals of New and Old New York" (Doubleday, Page; $5 net). For each of his illustrations Mr. Smith has provided a page or two of text, written in a personal, impressionistic vein. He does not like the sky-scraper:

> The vertical straight line is the line of the ugly. The rectangular is two of these lines conspiring to strangle beauty. . . . How New York will look when the rest of our streets are lined with this "dry-goods-box-set-up-on-end" style of architecture with fronts but so many under-done waffles, is a thought that disturbs.

But New York is not yet made up of sky-scrapers alone (which, for the matter of that, may have the qualities of grandeur if not of beauty), and Mr. Smith has made a series of drawings soft and romantic enough to soothe any eye.

George Wharton Edwards continues to make grateful return for the spell which the Netherlands have cast over him on several visits. Last year his "Some Old Flemish Towns" was one of the choice books of the season, and this year "Marken and its People" (Moffat, Yard; $2.50 net) equally sustains his reputation as a pleasant writer and illustrator. The cover, frontispiece, and title-page have the elaborate design and color-scheme with which Mr. Edwards has come to be identified. Within the volume the illustrations are simpler and are uniformly in an effective slaty gray, being based on pencil sketches. The Marken described in the text is only geographically that to which tourists throng. For the author has made his visits usually out of the summer season—once he spent Christmas there, going across the Zuyder Zee on a sledge—and has caught the people out of that mood of manufactured gayety which has begun to pall even on sightseers. One of the peculiar customs of the island may be noted here. Before two persons are properly engaged to each other they must go through the ordeal of sitting up throughout the whole night with a long, guttering, lighted candle on the table between them. They are left by parents entirely to themselves, and they may not speak until the taper has burnt itself out, the idea being, as Mr. Edwards asserts, that they must be very much in love or they could not endure the night's vigil.

If only for the illustrations, "Japanese Gardens" (Dodd, Mead; $6 net) should be a book much sought after. Something above two dozen plates, reproduced from water colors by Walter Tyndale, R. I., follow the Japanese season, and set forth the choicest spots in that flowery land. Judgments will differ as to how far Mr. Tyndale has caught the Oriental atmosphere. In certain instances there can be no doubt that he has succeeded; in others, in his preoccupation to produce vagueness of general effect, he has sacrificed the definite lines of detail, which are almost invariably a part of the Japanese method. In consequence, some of the scenes might with equal fitness be labelled "Off Rockland" or "A Boston Suburb." Certain figures also have the unbecoming alertness of Americans, others look like Germans. Yet the pictures, almost without exception, are beautiful enough to frame. The author of the text, Mrs. Basil Taylor (Harriet Osgood), insists that her words are, as it were, but the tail to Mr. Tyndale's "soaring and many-coloured kite." But to her own first-hand knowledge, she has added investigation in the authorities on the subject, and has produced a book of formidable compass.

Whether the verse or the drawings of Oliver Herford's "Mythological Zoo" yield the greater diversion, readers will have a chance to decide from the edition which is issued for the Christmas season. The cover decoration is most attractive, being no other than the Mermaid in tints of pink and blue and dreaming of Marcel Waves. (Scribner; 75 cents net.)

Handasyde's (pseudonym for Emily H. Buchanan) "The Four Gardens" ($1.50 net), consisting of the Haunted Garden, the Old-Fashioned Garden, the Poor Man's Garden, and the Rich Man's Garden, which Lippincott has just published handsomely, offered the illustrator an excellent chance for variety. Charles Robinson, to whom this work was entrusted, has produced marginal designs and figure-sketches in black-and-white and a number of full pages in color. His results, though generally pleasant, are not unusual, and are not altogether free from stiffness and conventional arrangement.

Miss Agnes Repplier's love for "the fireside sphinx" is well known, and there will be a welcome for her book on "The Cat" (Sturgis & Walton; $1 net). It is an anthology which the collector describes on the title-page as "a record of the endearments and invectives lavished by many writers upon an animal much loved and much abhorred." Not exactly an endearment, but certainly an encomium, is this characteristic stanza from the French of Jules Lemaître:

> Philosopher and comrade, not for thee
> The fond and foolish love which binds the dog;
> Only a quiet sympathy which sees
> Through all my faults, and bears with them awhile.
> Be lenient still, and have some faith in me,
> Gentlest of skeptics, sleepiest of friends.

"Romeo and Juliet" is the play of Shakespeare's chosen this season for handsome decoration. It is published by Doran ($5 net) in a form approaching the folio size, with numerous full-page colored plates by W. Hatherell, R. I. The cover is green, with large gilt lettering, and with the balcony scene outlined in the same medium. That great pains have been spent upon the color work there can be no question. But the reader will have to get used to it by degrees, because of the bright Italian hues employed. Many of the effects are beautiful; others, to the present reviewer at least, still seem garish after looking at them repeatedly.

John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" furnish an illustrator with innumerable graphic

situations, and there is indeed good measure in the work of N. C. Wyeth, who has decorated the book for the present season. In addition to several full-page colored drawings, tail-pieces and marginal devices in black-and-white are to be found in nearly every available space. (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net.)

Gustave Baumann's round dozen of woodcuts in illustration of James Whitcomb Riley's "All the Year Round" (Bobbs-Merrill; $2.50 net) attempt the broad effects of those quaint sixteenth century blocks which we associate with the first history of printing. Perhaps the solid masses of color suffer from being expanded to quarto-page size. He is more successful with his landscape than with his people. The plate for the first month in the year goes well with Riley's

> Bleak January! Cold as fate,
> And ever colder, ever keener—
> Our very hair cut while we wait
> By winds that clip it ever cleaner;
> Cold as a miser's buried gold,
> Or nether deeps of old tradition—
> Seems January! you're a cold
> Proposition!

W. H. Koebel has written the text for A. S. Forrest's seventy-five colored pictures about "South America" (Macmillan; $5 net). Without being heavy the narrative is a little more ambitious than the average story in books of this character. Mr. Forrest has seen South America chiefly in Merejk, greens and brick reds, with now and then a pleasant town of white and scarlet on the border of a green sea. The Indian types are bold, with no evidence of the prettifying touch.

Merejkowski's panoramic "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," in Herbert Trench's authorized translation, has had ten years of popularity, and now appears in what may be called a jubilee edition—two volumes profusely illustrated from contemporary sources. (Putnam; $1.50.)

Five small books in limp leather from Funk & Wagnalls (75 cents net each) bring "The Misfortunes of a World Without Plan," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood," by Theodore Roosevelt; "The Signs of the Times," by William Jennings Bryan; "The Latent Energies of Life," by Charles Reynolds Brown, and "The Call of Jesus to Joy," by William Elliot Griffis.

A new holiday edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" comes to us from Doubleday, Page ($3.50 net). The book is adequately illustrated from the designs by J. Lockwood Kipling. The format is pleasing, the type clear and large, and the pages are amply margined. The volume can be commended as a handsome gift.

Averil Burleigh has drawn twenty-four pictures in color for the volume of Keats issued by Little, Brown ($1.25 net), in a quiet dress of green linen, with a touch of gold. Mr. Burleigh's Grecian backgrounds are pleasing in line and color, but his classic maidens are at times overpoweringly English in the tall, hollow-eyed manner of Du Maurier. Much more successful is his modern "Meg Merrilies."

Of a religious character in the broader sense of the word is "The Illumined Life," by Helen Van Anderson-Gordon. This is a work of introspection and spiritual meditation, written with delicacy of feeling and sincerity of purpose. It is decorated by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. (McClurg; $1.25 net.)

THE TRUST PROBLEM.

The Control of Trusts. By John Bates Clark and John Maurice Clark. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

Some who read this book will find themselves wondering if the authors have sufficiently pondered Petrarch's ejaculation, "Believe me, it requires no little confidence to promise help to the struggling, counsel to the doubtful, light to the blind, hope to the despondent, refreshment to the weary. These indeed are great things if they be accomplished; trifles if they exist but in a promise." Confidence is certainly not lacking here. Though Professor Clark has apparently had to modify his views in no inconsiderable measure since the first edition of this work was issued in 1901, he has now no hesitation in uttering what, in its main content, may be regarded as his definite philosophy of Trusts.

It is a philosophy that will not pass unchallenged. And it may be said that our authors have, by their choice of terms, made it hard rather than easy for those who have honestly differed with them in the past to come round to their way of thinking. This work, indeed, has one grave defect: it is too often couched in the terms of the agitator. Invidious distinctions meet the eye at every turn. "Honest capital" and "honest labor" are everywhere in favor of the free competitive system. If the monopolistic power cannot be taken away from great corporations, "we must treat them as outlaws." "When there is a large public to plunder, the gains are great." It is assumed that the Trusts create their products with a maximum of economy, "but cheat the people out of their fair share of the gains therefrom. This does, in fact, describe what within the short period of their existence they have done; and yet, if they should become secure monopolies, they would do something much worse." Instances of such language could be multiplied indefinitely. If this book were put forth as a manual for those about to go on the hustings, it would serve the purpose admirably. It has, in fact, not a little resemblance to the literature so constantly flooding the market in Great Britain in periods of political stress. Nothing could be more regrettable. For if there is any one question in the mind of the people of the United States that calls for absolutely dispassionate discussion it is the question of the Trusts.

All this, however, does not alter the fact that here is a very readable and suggestive book. Ten years ago Professor Clark entertained the notion that *potential* competition had shown its power to control prices. Whenever mills in a combination had raised their prices greatly, they had caused new mills to be built, and the fear of further cases of this kind was holding prices within bounds. But the limits thus established were not rigid, declare our authors, and the companies soon discovered their own power to crush audacious rivals when they appeared. They so often did this that their evident power to do it had its effect in advance and deterred competitors from appearing. The potentiality of unfair attacks by the Trust tended to destroy the potentiality of competition. Under these conditions it was and is necessary to disarm the Trusts—to deprive them of the special weapons with which they deal their unfair blows. The failure of potential competition accounts for the appearance of the work before us.

Almost at the start we are forced to inquire if the writers of this book have properly correlated the Trusts with their times. Great prosperity, they assert, has certainly come under a régime of consolidation. The period since 1891, they add, has been anything but one of impoverishment, and it is no uncertain guess which assigns a reason for this general prosperity. It has been due, in their judgment, to "production on a vast scale, carrying with it a corresponding increase of efficiency, and to improvement in productive methods." We are led to infer that Professor Clark and Mr. John Maurice Clark rank the Trust as a cause of the great industrial prosperity of recent times. For they declare that we need more, better, and again better means of production if our growing population shall be kept above the level of want; and then they add: "Now what has happened within a third of a century has been such a multiplying and improving of instruments of production, and, secondly, the utilizing of them on a vast scale. Big mills where little ones stood, and groups of big mills under one management, have added enormously to the productiveness of machinery."

The facts are open to another interpretation. In the minds of many the Trust is more distinctly an effect than a cause. That is, it did not come into existence for the purpose of initiating and moulding a new industrial development, but was forced into being to escape from the consequences of a rising tide of competition created by a new industrial development.

From 1873 to 1898 was a period of falling prices. Sir Francis Webster has recently pointed out some of the reasons for this. There was an absence of great wars; transportation facilities were being increased and improved on an enormous scale; goods, whether raw or manufactured, kept pouring into the market at a pace that baffled previous

experience. One crop came on top of another before it could be absorbed. The glut was universal. Then followed a period of unproductive consumption of wealth. Capital was destroyed in prodigious amounts by war and armaments. The world's consumption from these and other causes gradually overtook the years of plenty before 1900. To quote Sir Francis Webster, the world is now working and living on relatively, and in some cases on actually, smaller stocks, and more from hand-to-mouth, than at any time in the experience of a generation.

During the years of plenty and low prices, which were often years of small profits, the incentive for new capital to enter into competition with old was reduced, even though the new capital could take advantage of all the latest improvements in the arts. About fifteen years ago began an astonishing era of industrial combinations, the purpose being chiefly one of self-preservation. Opportunely, just as industry was forced to such expedients, a reign of militarism set in, which, combined with other forms of unproductive consumption the world over, turned glut into scarcity, and opened the way for enormous profits, not only for capital already invested in production, but also for huge amounts of new capital. In view of these well-recollected facts, there seems to be scant warrant for the assertion that great general prosperity has come "under a régime of consolidation." The most that can be said is that the Trusts and prosperity have been synchronous.

It is well to dwell on this point, because, as unprofitable years made the Trusts, it is barely possible that eventually they may unmake the Trusts. Certainly, there would be hope of this under free competition. But free competition has been lost, declare the authors of the present work, and can only be regained through legislation. It must be admitted that they have much to say for this contention. A Trust can follow a newcomer into its field and undersell it, while keeping up prices everywhere else in its own field; it may boycott merchants who do not comply with its regulations; and it may discriminate in other ways to the destruction of free competition. Whether the alleged practices of the Trust could be employed successfully to the end of time is at least debatable. But the world of affairs is not very much concerned with remote contingencies. The capitalists that desire to compete with the big corporations in the present, and the public that desires to profit from such competition, must, in the opinion of our authors, invoke the law.

How shall they do it? We find here an interesting chapter on how not to do it. Among the inadvisable measures are government ownership of industrial plants and indiscriminate tariff legislation. The constructive programme of Professor Clark and his collaborator is not simple. Incidentally, these reformers disclaim any desire to dogmatize as to the legal methods by which their aims should be brought about. Many of their readers will be likely to regard this as a fatal weakness in their book. If they are able to show us a sure path out of the present situation, their guidance will be welcomed; if they are not able, their work is of no more practical value than many another's.

The first thing demanded here is that our control over transportation shall be so developed as to prevent all favoritism of the kind that leads, or may lead, to giving the favored shipper a monopoly. Next, we must have an administrative commission, like the Interstate Commerce Commission, to deal with the specific and general provisions of our laws regulating Trusts. The investor in Trust securities must be protected; predatory competition and misuse of patents must be prevented; combinations must not be allowed to attain a size that will preclude competition, and if they do they must be broken up. The central feature of the programme here outlined, and the feature which our authors are quick to recognize as the one most visionary, is the control of methods of marketing, and the enforced selling at one price publicly advertised.

The reader will begin this book with more assurance than he will possess at the close. Almost the first words that will strike his eye are these:

> The purpose of the work is entirely constructive, since it advocates a positive policy for controlling Trusts. It aims to show that certain measures having this end in view are in harmony with modern tendencies and are well within the power of the legislator and the executive official, and that they give promise of ensuring what the public needs, namely, protection against abnormal prices, continued increase in production, and improvement in conditions of labor.

This note of confidence emboldens the mind of the reader, but as he goes on to the end he finds himself less sanguine. He may even find himself asking if the remedy is not worse than the complaint. This able treatise has not simplified the Trust problem: it has, if anything, made it seem more difficult than before.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Flaw in the Crystal. By May Sinclair. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Never before has Miss Sinclair had a theme to which her manner was so congenial. As long as she dealt with the invalid *précieuse* and the poetic clerk, with the wife who kept vestal vows, and with the women who had books rather than babies, we could never quite trust her. It would have been our humble choice to examine these anomalies in a more matter-of-fact light, and with less palpitating solicitude. We mistrusted her air of admitting us to the mysteries, her sentences that had the cadence of incantation.

But what she offers us now is an amazing adventure—nothing less than an excursion into the occult. This is a field where most of us will never penetrate without a guide, and who better than the priestess of the immaterial? There is need of some charm "of woven paces and of waving hands" to lull our natural doubts into oblivion, if we are to be admitted to the rites of mental therapeutics. It is really wonderful how she does it—contriving to slip the bonds of reason and audaciously projecting us beyond the limits of the natural into the arena of psychical forces. The experience is like trusting yourself to a new element—participating in a psychological conquest analogous to aerial navigation. It is this sense of experimental venturesomeness amid uncharted dangers that gives the adventure its zest. The theme is, in its final analysis, asceticism—the old truth that selflessness is the absolute condition of doing good; what is unusual is the exploitation of this particular way of doing good—its hazards and what we may call its technique.

Agatha Verrall discovers herself in possession of a remedial influence which she is able to direct at will, and extends its beneficent use from her own case of erotic *malaise* to the marital sufferings of her lover. The reciprocal affliction of lacerated nerves from which Rodney Lanyon and his wife suffer being healed, the need of the former to resort to Agatha's sympathetic presence is lessened. As his visits become rarer, she begins to suffer for her disinterested benevolence. Nevertheless, she is still maintaining these cures successfully, when she is led to undertake another, a case of insane mania in the husband of an appealing friend. Under the triple burden she succumbs. Like a swimmer in the desperate grip of a drowning man, she has no choice except to save herself mercilessly. In self-defence against the inroads of vicarious madness she decisively casts off the demented subject; and by a sacrificial purification of her intention, she relinquishes her personal claim upon Rodney in order to restore the beneficent operation of her "gift" towards him. It had been the "strain of mortality in her love for Rodney" that had made her vulnerable to the spiritual contagion.

"The Flaw in the Crystal," it might be noted, is not a novel, but a very perfectly developed short story. Not too long to read at a single sitting, it presupposes such a perusal. Piecemeal it loses its effectiveness. The pleasure is in watching it grow like a blown bub-

ble, an effect as magical, insubstantial, and quick to vanish at a maladroit touch. Altogether, this is the most original thing Miss Sinclair has done and the most unassailable from an artistic standpoint.

The Soddy. By Sarah Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A stretch of prairie cursed by drought, upon which a group of forlorn settlers have made vain attempt, year after year, to harvest crops from a naturally fertile soil. A young Easterner, full of enthusiasm, confident of success with his new claim. A young girl (beautiful), daughter of a settler who has died, leaving her a young family to care for. A villanous promoter and his rascally tool, who is in love with the heroine. Settlers of various stages of unintelligence about to be lured to equally unpromising lands by the promoter. A doctor, a circuit-riding parson. The "soddy," or sod-house, which the young Easterner has begun to build upon a scale attesting his faith in the country. These are the materials of which the story-teller constructs her tale. That there is trouble ahead for the Easterner and the girl is evident on the face of things. But the kind of trouble is unexpected. For the enthusiast, who is so sure of the future that he puts new heart into the discouraged settlement, is the first to "quit." The girl, by that time his wife, refuses to go with him, stays by the "soddy," and is on the point of death in childbed when his heart wins him back from the luxury of the East; and so she returns to life and happiness with her pusillanimous mate.

The writer has tasted of French realism, perhaps by way of the late Frank Norris and his disciples. Her melodrama is decorated with patches of description in the brave manner. The neighbors flock to complete the rearing of the soddy, and at midday they feast together: "Bestially they crammed, greedy enough, these grimy creatures, eating rudely, speechlessly at first, fiercely rending the tissues that hours of toil had torn down like a force scattering fortresses. Bestial, splendid—the animal, the man, united—they carved, glutted, heaved great sighs of replenishment. . . . They sliced, smacked, surfeited, to renew their powers for the building." In short, these American pioneers comport themselves like the French peasants of Zola, and their exploits are recorded in an idiom roughly resembling his own. So lingers the hope, common enough a decade or two ago, of producing a great American novel with the aid of a foreign accent.

The Seer. By Perley Moore Sheehan. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Here again is the figure of the modern prophet and healer whom our novelists and playwrights have so frequently tried to interpret of late. But the "seer" of Mr. Sheehan is not a mere replica of former studies. His most important point of difference from most of them is his joyousness. The world expects the saint and the miracle-worker to wear a long face, or, at most, a face lighted with unearthly cheer. The "Faith Healer" of the late William Vaughn Moody, for example, is capable of rapture, but not of merriment. The Rev. Constant Gath, on the other hand, is jolly. He has a mellow sense of humor, and loves to exercise it. He not only preaches that the world is a place to be happy in, he is happy himself. Even sin does not call for gloom: "Don't you reckon God understands?" he cries to his thousands. "He designed you, brother, sister, and made you what you are. There's no occasion to apologize. Don't regret, don't be remorseful, don't give way to despair. You can't queer yourself with God, whatever you do."

Evidently much may be done by a man with a creed like this, with a magnetic presence, a pure heart, and a gift of healing. The thousands flock to his standard. He founds an ideal community on the outskirts of a grimy manufacturing town. His fame and influence spread all over the country, and beyond. Unfortunately, the creation of a magnificent being of this order involves a sad obligation on the part of his creator. He must be killed off before it becomes necessary to describe the whole world as made anew by the spread of his power—which would be false as history and tame as fiction. The latter part of the present narrative, leading up to this necessary event, is strained and melodramatic. If the man himself could have been presented as a picture, and left at that, this would have been a better book: but it would not have been a story!

London Lavender. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Falconer, who made so many happy discoveries in "Over Bemerton's," is here married and living with his wife in a London lodging-house. His discoveries continue, the most notable now being a man who tends the apes in the Zoo and meditates over his pets in a manner that might honor a philosophizing observer of things human instead of simian. Other men and women come and go, including the daughter of Mr. Ingleside, with whom we became acquainted in the novel of that name, and an editor who gathers many strange talkers into his chambers. Altogether the book is the same delightful farrago of fun and sly wisdom which made "Over Bemerton's" so signal a success. Nothing here, perhaps, is quite so good as the Chinese biographies in the first volume, but the naming of Lavender Falconer, who appears properly at the end of the present volume, is in an altogether charming vein of drollery.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Collected Works of William Morris. With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. Vol. XIII, The Odyssey of Homer. Vol. XIV, The House of the Wolfings; The Story of the Glittering Plain. Vol. XV, The Roots of the Mountains. Vol. XVI, News from Nowhere; A Dream of John Ball; A King's Lesson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

These four new volumes (XIII to XVI) of the great edition of William Morris bring us to a section of his works distinctly lower in value than the magnificent circle of poems in "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd." The opening lines of Miss May Morris's Introduction to Vol. XIII indicate some of the reasons why this later work shows a falling off in tone:

> In April, 1886, Mother hears, "I came back from the Irishry all safe last night, but, as I suppose May has told you, I am off to Leeds and Bradford on Saturday, and shall not be back thence till Tuesday: after that peace as far as travelling is concerned till the end of June. I had a good passage back, and did 50 lines of Homer on the boat—also ate my dinner there."
>
> Nearly a year later he writes to her in Rome, "Homer goes on and will be out in about a month: but Smith is insisting on paper-hangings, so I must do one, at least, besides those I have in hand."
>
> The translation of the Odyssey was written amidst all the racket of what my father speaks of (somewhat ruefully) as "the pernicious practice of what may be called professional agitation."

We have seen this multifariousness employed before, and remember that Morris once told a young aspirant that a true poet should be able to wind off an epic from his brain while his fingers were winding off cloth on the loom—or words to that effect. But a new disturbing factor has now been introduced into his life—Socialism and the burning zeal to reform men, as well as the arts of men. We are bound to suspect that diverting of his energies, hitherto directed exclusively to æsthetic ends, is in part the cause of so lamentable an artistic failure as his version of the "Odyssey," though no doubt his Northern studies also had something to do with such a falsification of Homer as greets us in the beginning of the poem:

> Tell me, O Muse, of the Shifty, the man who wandered afar,
> After the Holy Burg, Troy-town, he had wasted with war.

Opinions may vary in regard to the prose tales that occupy the other three volumes before us. To the reviewer who now meets them in their splendid new dress, they have never been particularly interesting.

The introductions of Miss Morris continue their charm. Naturally, we hear much in those that accompany the present volumes of the poet's ill-timed incursion into politics. But there are delightful pictures of the home life intermingled. Volume XIII, in particular, contains further descriptions of Kelmscott, which is also visualized for us by photogravures of several rooms.

Thy Rod and Thy Staff. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

All is grist that comes to Mr. Benson's mill. An attack of neurasthenia that would have laid most of us low, merely supplies him with material for a new book. The nervous breakdown came upon Mr. Benson in 1907, and not merely destroyed his power to work or to enjoy for two dreadful years, but altered much of that view of life and that way of taking it which formed the background of many of his former works. To this change in his point of view he had, in fact, already referred in "The Silent Isle"—a book which he calls "a record of an experiment in happiness." "It was my design," he tells us in the Epilogue to that book, "to live alone in joy; not to exclude others, but to admit them for my pleasure and at my will. I thought that by desiring little, by sacrificing quantity of delight for quality, I should gain much. And I will as frankly confess that I did not succeed in capturing the tranquillity I desired." And he adds in the book under review,

> The vital, the profound mistake of my little experiment was that I tried to arrange my life on romantic lines. I don't know how one can learn that this is not possible except by doing it and finding it a failure. Many people have not the chance of doing it at all, and that is perhaps a happier solution; but I found myself at the age of two-and-forty a free man after a very busy professional life of twenty years, with enough to live upon, no claims, no family ties. It was then that an ideal took shape, to live the poetic life. I thought I could make my writing the serious business of my life, and that otherwise I could live simply and quietly, avoiding tiresome routine and business duties, seeing just the people I liked, and practicing to enjoy solitude.

It was his illness that brought him both the sense of his previous failure and his new view of life. He learned from it, as he tells us, many things—the reality and eternity of the soul, the love and the presence of God even in sorrow and pain, the mission of suffering, the glory of the life of service.

It is inevitable in a book of this sort that the pronoun "I" should figure with extreme prominence. The book is entirely about himself—his symptoms, his sufferings, his despairs, his ideas, his ideals, his failures, his lessons, his joys. It often seems less like a book than like a letter from an intimate friend who has just been through a long illness. Not that it contains anything in positively poor taste, but one wonders why Mr. Benson should have told us all about it. And one wonders especially why he should have said it over in so many ways. Mr. Benson is a master of the Art of Beautiful Repetition—but we all knew that without this new demonstration. "Thy Rod and Thy Staff" contains exactly 300 pages, and it might equally well have contained 50 or 600. One cannot avoid a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Benson wanted to make a book out of it. It is to be hoped that his rather fatal fluency will not tempt him into writing too many books, and that he will look to it lest his words run completely away with his ideas.

Yet though we may at first wonder why Mr. Benson thought it worth his while to tell us so much about himself, we shall realize, on further reflection, that he had a very solid reason for it. For the fact is, there are thousands of people in England and America who are eager to know everything about Mr. Benson that he is willing to tell. Indeed, your true Bensonian will welcome even the repetitions—they are so charmingly phrased! To him—or rather, to her (and she is often to be met with and is usually a person of excellent taste)—Mr. Benson's writings have been a light in the darkness. And even the non-Bensonian must admit that Mr. Benson is one of the real forces in our English world for hopeful and spiritual living.

The Works of Thomas Deloney. Edited by Francis Oscar Mann. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75.

Deloney's writings are affiliated with several literary types, nearly all popular. He made a number of new ballads, and rehandled some ancient ones. He touched the *genre* of the "Fall of Princes," or *De Casibus*, by rhyming a number of tales from Holinshed and from current popular tradition about English kings, queens, and worthies. He probably invented, or perhaps rather compounded, one new form—a series of prose anecdotes about tradespeople, anecdotes loosely held together by common personages. This *genre*, essentially *bourgeois* as it is, yet shows traces of romance, of the picaresque tale, and of the "London tract"—a form fully exemplified in the work of Robert Greene. In Deloney's stories about tradespeople there are touches also of what, were it in dramatic form, would be "domestic tragedy"; and from these stories, too, the way leads quite straight to the comedies of Dekker, who was close upon Deloney's track. Dekker and, possibly, Ben Jonson seem to be Deloney's only followers. Richardson, for instance, gets nothing from him.

Though Deloney offers plenty of realistic raw material, this is not literature. His work, like Lillo's "George Barnwell," or "Les Contemporaines" of Restif de la Bretonne, moves upon a lower level. Always ready to be snatched up into literature, Deloney, in fact, always remains below it, and does not have the good fortune to contribute anything whatever to the development of the English novel. It is to be regretted that the present editor has continued the fashion of greatly overestimating both the merits and the influence of Deloney's work. Most of it is "sad stuff." It emphatically does not follow the alleged "progress of realism . . . towards characterization and construction" (p. xxvii), for it is never more than a string of anecdotes; and the assertion that in it "we may justly find the highest achievement of the Elizabethan novel" (p. xiv) can hardly be taken seriously.

Deloney now appears for the first time in a collected edition, or rather reprint. As the early editions are fairly correct, the present text, despite some eccentricities and blind passages which the editor has left untouched, is satisfactory on the whole. So, too, is the treatment of Deloney's sources; though the editor might well have noticed that "A pastorall Song" (p. 344) is a palpable imitation of the "Shepherds Calendar"; that "Taprobana" (p. 47, l. 30) and "Cea" (p. 48, l. 27) are taken respectively from Greene's "Alcida" and "Carde of Fancie"; and that the unnatural natural history about the bull and the figtree (p. 82, l. 26) comes from "Euphues." More than doubtful is the etymology (note on p. 80, l. 15) which explains *drenched* as "the causative verb from *drown*." But the most serious defect of this edition, apart from the inexcusable absence of an index, is the lack of any adequate study of Deloney's words, locutions, and proverbs. Much of this material doubtless is to be found in Heywood, Halliwell, and other collections: it was an editor's business to make it available in his notes. The following, among many others, are left unexplained: portigues (50, 11); Dick Piper (88, 24); let their terme die (106, 14); glue the slampam (129, 16); changing his copy (131, 37); thou gauest the Crow a pudding (163, 8); Whoose mare is dead? (*ibid.*, 14); the biggest place of your legge is next to your shooe (235, 34). As Deloney's work, in its almost total want of literary merit, is valuable chiefly as a treasury of Elizabethan folk-speech and folk-manners, a study of the kind indicated would seem eminently desirable. It might, indeed, have led the editor to hesitate in attributing to Deloney the authorship of one of the tracts here reprinted—"Canaans Calamitie." In the letter "To the Gentlemen Readers," T. D., who may as well be

Dekker as Deloney, speaks (p. 419) of "better bread then could be made of Wheate." If we are right in crediting this phrase to Sancho Panza, T. D. cannot be Deloney, who died in 1600, the year in which "Don Quixote" was published.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

Among the reprints for the holiday season we invariably find the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare." The Lippincotts have imported a two-volume edition, wherein H. S. Morris has added sixteen plays not treated by "Elia" and his sister. The book is sumptuous in its color plates, and is well printed. After Lamb has been read and relished, it is high time for the child to turn to such an excellent method as that employed by Thomas Carter, in "Shakespeare's English Kings" (Crowell). In addition to its agreeable format, it includes judicious excerpts from the plays, and is the direct road leading towards the original Shakespearean text.

There are three other standard books in the class of reprints. Holt has issued a "Gulliver," generous in its color and black-and-white pictures, duly heralding the adventures in Lilliput and Brobdingnag; there is likewise the same (Doubleday), edited by Anna Tweed, under the supervision of Clifton Johnson, who believes in defacing a man's text in order to bring it within the comprehension of juvenile readers. This latter method we cannot accept. If a child reads Swift, let his own mental capacity be his own editor; he will remember only what he understands. Little, Brown have imported a tasteful issue of Kingsley's "Water-Babies," in which Ethel Everett's color plates replace entirely the old-time line cuts. Thus the old order changeth, though the stories remain the same in their freshness. Arthur Rackham has disported himself very humorously through the pages of "Æsop's Fables" (Doubleday). His color work and his pen sketches are thoroughly in accord with the irony of the morals. The volume is unworthily bound, for no one could tell from the cover what riches were within. Gilbert Chesterton has written an introduction which epitomizes in epigram the growth of the fable and its accepted conventions. Thackeray wrote immortally on children's illustrated books; we predict that Chesterton will be quoted in the future on fables. His introduction is for adults. Mary Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School" (Dutton) is less read than it should be. This reprint is charmingly old-fashioned, in its shape and pictures reminiscent of Kate Greenaway. Charles Lamb had only part share in the creation of this book which brother and sister regarded as a "pot-boiler for Godwin," but which has proved one of the loveliest things in the language.

We are glad to welcome Sir George Laurence Gomme's "The King's Story Book" (Longmans), being, as the title page designates, "historical stories picturing the reigns of English monarchs." This has been out of print for some time. A glance at the contents alone indicates what an invaluable source Scott has been to the editor. This should be a strong plea for the boy to read his Waverley novels. Here is a worthy guide to English romantic literature. Of different character is Eugene Field's "Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse" (Scribner), wherein we recognize many of his delicate "Profitable Tales." There is gentle beauty in Field's fiction, akin to Lanier's ballad spirit in "Into the Woods." The super-calendered paper used in this book allows effective handling of bold-faced type, but the illustrations are somewhat cheap for so handsome a volume. Jack London's "The Call of the Wild" (Macmillan) appears in effective form. The very cover suggests northern lights and Klondike loneliness. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" (Houghton) comes to us in holiday form to celebrate its twenty-six years of existence. The illustrations, by Katharine Wireman, are tinted in color. In a way, Mrs. Wiggin's little book, "A Child's Journey with Dickens" (Houghton) may be regarded as a reprint of her address read at the Dickens centenary dinner last winter. It recounts delightfully a journey made with the great writer in a day-coach, when the wee girl gave candid views on literature. In passing, let us call attention to Bayard Taylor's "Boys of Other Countries" (Putnam), which every library should possess.

In our youthful day, we were not indulged with such regal books as Walter Jerrold's "Big Book of Fables" (Caldwell); nor did we know the delightful conceits of the artist, Charles Robinson, who is past-master in the use of line. What a revel of fancy in this gold and red binding; though only a few fables at a time should be given as a dose, to keep the morals palatable. The pictures alone furnish entertainment for hours. Those who are destined to own this treasure-house should likewise receive the companion "Big Book of Nursery Rhymes" and the "Big Book of Fairy Tales."

Howard Pyle did so well by Robin Hood that there was scarcely call for another retelling. But Louis Rhead's "Bold Robin Hood," uniform with the Harpers' issue of "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Tom Brown at Rugby," does not impair the ballad spirit, either in text or in drawing. Some day an artist will illustrate worthily all the ballads bearing upon Robin Hood. A book as large as they make them is H. E. Marshall's "A History of France" (Doran), an excellent survey, enhanced by marginal notes. The narrative ends with the Third Empire. "Ten Girls from History" (Duffield) is a continuation of Kate Dickinson Sweetser's plan of other volumes. Particularly spirited in its biographical account is the chapter on Queen Victoria. Accuracy of historic fact has been the author's commendable aim; luckily, she has likewise treated her characters as human beings, something which cannot be said for most writers of biography for children. An excellent idea underlies "Little-Known Sisters of Well-Known Men" (Dana Estes), by Sarah G. Pomeroy. Many a girl reader will find inspiration in the accounts of Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Lamb, Elizabeth Whittier, and others, whose help did so much for literature.

Ten paintings by Jessie Willcox Smith, concerning the attractive subject of "Dickens's Children" (Scribner), though they are bound together in suitable covers, suggest frames for the play-room wall. Adelia Beard has done a very clever thing in her "cut-out" books of "Birds" (Stokes). By means of manual labor, with a little instruction, a youngster may make a bird, in the process learning its color, its habitat, its song—an assured way of never forgetting.

With real pleasure we recommend the American issue of Boutet de Monvel's decorative pages for "Old Songs and Rounds" (Duffield). There is nothing more charming in the entire realm of picture books. The French words have been translated in eighteen pages grafted upon the French sheets, which the publishers imported. The pictures are like water colors, simple in conception and playful in arrangement. The songs are suited to child voices. Let us have more of these importations.

Let fathers rejoice in H. G. Wells's "Floor Games" (Small, Maynard), a book that deserves a wide sale, not only because of its jolly spirit, but because of the field opened up for the "mere man" in the nursery. Here is Wells in all his varied interests; the sociologist peeks out from behind empty boxes, leaden soldiers, and useful boards. Floors are not only to be walked on, but to be played on. Broken toys assume new dignity; corrugated board around bottles becomes as valuable as shingles.

Notes

Among Mitchell Kennerley's holiday books are the following: "Ashes of Incense," a novel by the anonymous author of "Mastering Flame"; "The Lyric Year," one hundred poems by one hundred American authors; "The Women of Shakespeare," by Frank Harris; "Woman's Share in Social Culture," by Anna Garlin Spencer; "Old Chinatown," a book of pictures by Arnold Genthe, with descriptive text by Will Irwin, and "Murphy," a message to dog-lovers, by Major Gambier-Parry.

The third and last volume (Neil-Young) of the second supplement of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is published this week. Among its contributors, Sir Sidney Lee writes on Goldwin Smith and Sir Leslie Stephen; Mr. Gosse on Swinburne, and Mr. Masefield on J. M. Synge.

Bacon's Essays will appear in what the publishers, Messrs. Black, describe as a "popular *édition de luxe*." The text is that of 1673, collated with the last edition issued by Bacon in 1625.

"The Guardians of the Columbia," reviewed by us at length October 31, was there credited to G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book is now regularly published and sold by the author, John H. Williams, of Tacoma, Wash.

To a lover of the decorative ways of the eighteenth century, what title could be more alluring than "At Prior Park, etc.," by Austin Dobson? To that home of "low-born Allen" outside of Bath, built from the proceeds of honest industry, came Pope and Miss Blount, Fielding, Warburton, and many a lesser man; and we may be sure beforehand that Mr. Dobson has not missed the picturesque and humane aspects of such a gathering place. It was at Prior Park

that the burly Warburton, for once, at least, met his match, and from a comedian. "When they were discussing the execution of Charles I, which Quin upheld, Warburton asked loftily by what law he was condemned, and Quin retorted: 'By all the law which he had left in the land!' The Bishop could find no rejoinder."

The "etc." of Mr. Dobson's title stands for "and other papers." These range through an attractive circle of subjects. One essay deals with "The Portraits of Carmontelle," an extraordinary series of sketches of English and French notables in the second half of the century. Then we go with Garrick on the Grand Tour; then we learn something of Loutherbourg, of the Royal Academy; read two newly found letters of Fielding, with our guide's pleasant comment; pass on to a French naval officer, the Bailli de Suffren; walk through the famous park of Stowe, where the Whiggery of the Temples was nursed, and where many authors and greater folk gave themselves up to the charm of romantically arranged scenery; hear the melancholy story of Robert Lloyd, poet and author by profession, who ended his brief career in the Fleet prison; and end with a pleasant discourse on Gray's biographer, the Rev. William Mason. Altogether, there is a good deal of sober entertainment in the book. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

In collecting material for the Nicolay and Hay "Abraham Lincoln: A History," J. G. Nicolay put aside a considerable quantity of data for a chapter intended to be entitled "Personal Traits"; but the bulk of the matter, together with the ultimate plan of the work, forbade the use of the material in the way proposed. Miss Helen Nicolay has now made it the basis of her "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln" (Century). A good many of the incidents have already been told elsewhere, and the substantive value of the book for the historian is not great. As a friendly picture of the tastes, habits, and everyday life of Lincoln, however, it has both interest and worth, and the more because of the delicacy with which the task has been performed. Of the innumerable stories attributed to Lincoln, less than a hundred, in Miss Nicolay's opinion, are probably genuine; but the survival of even that number seems, on the whole, notable. Of the contributions to the history of the Civil War, Nicolay's memorandum of a conversation with Lincoln, October 2, 1861, is the most interesting: "Frémont ready to rebel," "Chase despairing," "Cameron utterly ignorant and regardless of the course of things," "Credit gone at St. Louis, Cincinnati, Springfield," "Everything in the West, military and financial . . . in hopeless confusion." One puts down the book with a new impression of Lincoln's moral strength, and of his patience in making the best of bad conditions.

Despite its title, "The Story of The Bronx" (Putnam), by Stephen Jenkins, is rather an assemblage of facts and incidents than a narrative. The plan of the book is comprehensive. An opening chapter on the political history of the several sections composing the borough and on its topography is followed by a chronological account of it to the end of the Revolution; this is succeeded by a few chapters on special features of the district, such as churches and parks, and the concluding part of the volume is a series of chapters on the various portions of the borough. In this way the ground is covered minutely, so that as a reference book the work is an undeniable success, especially since it has a good index, a copious supply of illustrations belonging to all periods of the borough's history, and a large and, in general, excellent map. The industry of the author is evident on every page, but he does not give us assurance of his historical temper when he explains that he can furnish no bibliography, since for more than a decade he has been jotting down facts and incidents as he has come upon them, "either in books, or in the daily press, or in magazines," and has kept no account of his sources. Fortunately, this confession is mitigated for the earlier parts of the story by the statement that he has had recourse to the standard histories of Westchester County. The first recorded activity in relation to what is now the Borough of the Bronx was in 1639, when three Indian sachems, "in consideration of a certain lot of merchandise," conveyed to the West India Company a tract of land called Keskeskeck. Two years later Jonas Bronk made a purchase of five hundred acres between the Harlem and the Aquahung Rivers; the latter soon lost its Indian name and became known as Bronk's River, and later, by a natural transition, as the Bronx. The borough was created January 1, 1898, and at the recent election it became a county also. It boasts nearly half a million population, and has its share of historic shrines, among them the cottage in which Poe wrote "Ulalume."

In "Around the Clock in Europe" Charles Fish Howell strings an old-fashioned series of travel sketches upon a new thread. There is a special hour for seeing a city aright. Edinburgh should be viewed at one, and Paris just twelve hours later. Three o'clock is right for Rome, and nine for Heidelberg. One should pass from Berlin at six to London at seven. At Venice the witching hour is that before midnight. Such is the plan, and, while in the main hour and place seem happily adjusted, occasionally the union is far-fetched. By dint of obvious expedients the limitation of the hour is evaded. One sees Venice at night, but an "If it were daylight" leads to the usual description of canals and palaces. Mr. Howell is nothing if not a sentimental traveller. From the jocose and epigrammatic to the emotional and highflown his mood shifts flexibly, lapsing occasionally into mere flippancy or gush. Without being in any way an important addition to the literature of portraiture of places, th's is a diverting book. There are many illustrations after crayon sketches by Harold Field Kellogg. (Houghton Mifflin.)

Of the nine new volumes in the Home University Library (Holt), no less than four are by American writers, a far higher ratio than this series has hitherto shown. In "Great American Writers," by Professors Trent and Erskine, the attempt has evidently been made to be intensive rather than inclusive. The characterization of Edgar Allan Poe's horror stories as demonstrations of abstract formulas does not appeal to the present writer. Prof. C. M. Andrews in "The Colonial Period" traces broad lines of development; his story runs up and down the chain of thirteen colonies to illustrate this or that general contention. The result is confusing from the chronological point of view; but the book has value. Prof. B. W. Bacon's "The Making of the New Testament" is the most gratifying volume in the present group; it is possibly a little above the head of the general reader, but that is a risk which the editors of the Home University Library have taken before this. Mr. John R. Spears's "Master Mariners" falls far short of what an account of the art of navigation should be. It takes its history from the schoolbooks and adds to it such extraordinary personal data as the fact that the battle of Actium was described by Herodotus. S. J. Chapman's "Political Economy" is very hard reading. The same is true of C. E. Moore's "Ethics," and strangely enough for the very reason that the author labors so hard to make his meaning clear; but we get repetition without clarity. Other volumes are "The Making of the Earth," by J. W. Gregory, a straightforward bit of exposition; "Electricity," by Gilbert Kapp, and "Missions," by Louise Creighton.

A new life of Edward Irving (Boston: Sherman, French), by Jean Christie Root, passes lightly over the limitations of that strange religious genius, without adding to the facts which have been often told of him, or contributing anything to the analysis of his remarkable personality. The truth is that Carlyle, Coleridge, and Mrs. Olyphant have left little to be said respecting Irving. He was "a minister of Christ, after the order of Paul," a "Christian priest," who "strove with the whole force that was in him to *be* it," and his gifts as a religious orator and in the leadership of a congregation in extemporary prayer have rarely been surpassed. All this has been said by masters before, and the author of the present sketch seeks to justify her labors by attempting to show that Irving "more clearly foreshadowed the problems and truths of to-day than any one man in his period." The attempt is a signal failure. Irving was a mystic, and his pages glow with many of the timeless truths of the seers, but his controlling convictions have no force for this age. His vagaries respecting predictive prophecy, millennialism, and the gift of tongues disqualified him for leadership in the generations succeeding his own. They may be pardoned as the limitations of a genius, but they cannot be forgotten when Irving is put forth as a prophet for the present.

The third volume of "A Cyclopædia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Paul Monroe, includes titles from Gaillard to Libanius. Preponderant space is accorded to topics which only recently have gained significance in education, such as "Household Arts in Education" (fourteen pages) and "Industrial Education" (nineteen pages). Herodotus and Juvenal are not mentioned, and Homer receives about as much attention as horticulture. On the other hand, Professor Goodell, of Yale, contributes an excellent article on the teaching of Greek, and Professor Lodge, of Columbia, offers suggestions on instruction in Latin which, if followed, would do much to rehabilitate the classics in both school and college. The articles on national and State educational systems and schools are excellent, notably that on "Education in Germany," by F. M. Schiele. Among the topics

of study treated are Geography, Geology, and Grammar. The cyclopædia will be useful for the large number of titles in educational history and biography. The principal facts concerning the many colleges and universities in the United States are recorded, including their present statistics.

In his "Omens and Superstitions of Southern India" (McBride, Nast & Co.), Edgar Thurston, sometime superintendent of the Ethnographic Survey of the Madras Presidency, has collected, systemized, supplemented, and made readily accessible the material already presented in his "Ethnographic Notes in Southern India" (1906), and in the seven volumes of his "Castes and Tribes of Southern India" (1909). The book "deals mainly with some aspects of what may be termed the psychical life of the inhabitants of the Madras Presidency and the Native States of Travancore and Cochin." The result is a series of data arranged under the heads of Omens; Animal Superstitions; the Evil Eye; Snake Worship; Vows, Votive and Other Offerings; Charms; Human Sacrifice; Magic and Human Life; Magic and Magicians; Divination and Fortune-Telling; Some Agricultural Ceremonies; and Rain-Making Ceremonies. Mr. Thurston wisely contents himself with a presentation of data, and avoids attempts at explanation or comparison with analogous beliefs and practices elsewhere. On the other hand, the student of comparative religion in general will find in this volume an abundance of illustrative material from a relatively little-known country and people. Here may be noted beliefs on boundary ceremonies, cross-roads, coins, disease, lucky and unlucky days, shamanism, earth and earth-deities, magic effigies, hair, iron, crystal-gazing, lamp-ceremonies, ordeals, purification, amulets, the sacred number seven, winnowing-baskets, and the like. The classical scholar will be glad to trace in the lead *yantrams* (tablets inscribed with charms), buried for a time "at a spot over which a person whose death is desired will pass" (p. 186), an interesting analogue to the Latin lead *tabellæ defixionum*. Still more important is the light cast upon the curious "frog hymn" of the Rigveda (vii, 103). This hymn, still taken by Geldner ("Rigveda in Auswahl," ii, 117) to be a satire on the Brahman priesthood, is construed by such scholars as Haug, Oldenberg, Hillebrandt, and von Schroeder to be a rain-charm; and indirect testimony to the correctness of their interpretation is given by the use of the frog in rain-making ceremonies both in southern India (Thurston, pp. 305-306), and in the North (Crooke, "Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India," I, 73, II, 256).

L. L. Shadwell has carefully edited four volumes entitled "Enactments in Parliament specially concerning the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Colleges and Halls therein, and the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, and Westminster" (Frowde). It completely supersedes Dr. Griffiths's similar but much briefer collection, which was published in 1869, and which for some time has been out of print. Mr. Shadwell has taken his documents from the printed Statutes of the Realm and arranged them chronologically. In cases of doubt, prior to 1850, he has verified his text by comparison with the original rolls. Since 1850 this is unnecessary, as the first regular printed edition is printed from the same type as the official vellum copy which has already received the royal assent. Mr. Shadwell has made his work conveniently usable by a full, analytical table of contents, excellent brief notes, and a fairly complete index. From the first statute of 37 Edw. III, which defines who may wear fur upon their gowns, down to the last statute of 16 Dec., 1911, which compels English publishers to donate copies of their works to the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, as well as to the British Museum, these enactments deal with the widest variety of subjects imaginable. They define the police power which the mediæval university, within its own jurisdiction, possessed over all sorts of offences, from that of selling putrid fish to that of assault with intent to kill. Many of the enactments are occupied with making exceptions to general statutes in the interest of the masters and scholars. For instance, in the general "Acte for repressing the odious and loathsome synne of Drunckennes" there is a provision that nothing therein contained shall "bee prejudiciall to either of the twoe universities of this Lande." The statute of 13 Eliz. c. 29, entitled, with phonetic precision, "An acte for Thincorporation of bothe Thunyversities," relieved the universities from the necessity of seeking a new confirmation of their privileges at the accession of every new ruler, and is the statute under which they now hold their lands and rights.

"The proof of an explorer's doings is his final book, which requires months and years to prepare," says Dr. Frederick A. Cook, in the closing chapter of his "final summary of the Polar controversy" ("My Attainment of the Pole"; Mitchell Kennerley). We have gone over the essential parts of the volume with some care, and cannot see that it gives the reader any more solid ground to stand on than was available before, so far as the mere fact of attainment of the Pole is concerned. The one thing which the whole miserable episode has satisfactorily proved to unbiassed and reasonable minds is that neither a travel narrative nor a fairly consistent set of observations can of itself furnish indubitable proof that the author has actually visited the points indicated. The problem falls back heavily upon the scientific competence and good faith of the explorer, and on that basis it is apparently useless to hope that anything can now be said on either side which will leave no room for further dispute. Dr. Cook has an easy task in showing that some of the lines of attack used against him in the heat of controversy can be turned plausibly against Peary, but in these points the main question is not touched. Let us hope that the next expedition which attempts to reach the Pole will have learned from this sad business sufficient wisdom not to allow credit for its accomplishments to rest upon the work and word of any one individual. Peary's pride was a terribly bad counsellor when it led him to desire that no other white man (which meant, in that case, no other man competent to be accepted as a witness) should share with him the honor of the first visit to the Pole. The chances are wholly in favor of the supposition that Ross Marvin would be living to-day had Peary not ordered him back at the beginning of the last stretch; and the support of a man of his character and competence would have been a tower of strength in the conquest of public opinion. As for Dr. Cook, assuming the possibility that he may have been in the vicinity of the Pole, his book only furnishes a new demonstration of the hopelessness of his cause in the court of careful opinion. He does not talk the language of the cool, competent observer, and no amount of effective attack upon the motives and character of some of those who have opposed his claims can put beneath those claims that foundation of positive evidence which they have lacked from the start and lack to-day.

A slow-moving barge, achieving a maximum speed of three miles an hour, has its attractions as a means of locomotion, if only by contrast with the fevered speed of the automobile. In "The Flower of Gloster" (Dodd, Mead) E. Temple Thurston gives some impressions of a month's vacation spent in this fashion on some of the most beautiful waterways of England. The narrative is light and pleasant reading, if not particularly absorbing, and reveals the author a keen student of nature and of human nature. It possesses, too, the commendable quality of avoiding pleonastic description of places made familiar in the annals of touristry.

In Herbert A. Evans's "Castles of England and Wales" (Doran) there crops up the chronic feud between archæologist and artist. To Mr. Evans ivy clinging to ruined walls is anathema, and the bare pattern of the masonry is for him a far more lovely sight than the green and gray of old stone and ivy. He is, of course, severely rational from the archæological point of view, and it is with a blush that we admit to a partiality for the parasite. That, however, is the only point on which we would venture to join issue with Mr. Evans. His book is an excellently clear and scholarly description of the structure of thirty-three of the most interesting fortresses of England and Wales. The term "fortresses" is used advisedly, for Mr. Evans's consideration is, with a single exception, that of Dunstanburgh, confined to those castles, built previous to 1300, the importance of which was primarily a military one. The book is fully illustrated, and a plan of each castle is given.

The *Insel-Verlag*, of Leipzig, recently published "Goethe's Liebesgedichte" in a handsome volume that will be very popular as a Christmas present. The editor, Hans Gerhard Gräf, has grouped Goethe's love lyrics under the names of his various sweethearts in the order of their entrance into his life, and, so far as possible, has arranged the poems of each group chronologically. Each division is introduced by a quotation from Goethe or one of his contemporaries, suggesting the background. Such lyrics as the editor could not readily and without question include under one of these headings are arranged chronologically in an Anhang. Adaptations and imitations of the love songs of other writers are excluded from this collection. The usual preface is replaced by a well-known quotation from Goethe's review of the "Gedichte von einem Polnischen Juden," in which the rising young writer unconsciously prophesies the character of his

own future lyrics. The collection closes with the poem "Einlass," the poet's plea for admission to Paradise on the grounds of the occasion and contents of his poetry. In case more than one text of a poem has come down to us, Gräf has chosen for this edition the earliest version, as the one best embodying the original inspiration. A table of contents and an alphabetical index of first lines conclude the volume.

This book is a valuable result of the editor's long occupation with Goethe's lyrics, which he is editing for the chronological Wilhelm Ernst Ausgabe of the works, and with which he is dealing in the final volumes of his monumental work, "Goethe über seine Dichtungen." Now that the book has appeared, the wonder is that such an edition of this justly famous love breviary should never before have been thought of. In the field of artistic bookmaking, to which a few German publishers have devoted considerable attention of late, this volume is a notable achievement. It is printed from clear Fraktur type that recalls a style of letters in use during Goethe's life, and the cover is designed to suggest the early nineteenth century.

If any one doubts our possession of interesting places, let him take a look at a few of the pages of "Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland," by F. Lauriston Bullard, with illustrations by Louis H. Ruyl (Little, Brown). Yet a reader will do well not to judge the book by its first fifty-odd pages. The chapters on Newport and Plymouth are not a fair sample of the rest. It is not until the narrator gets to Quincy that he begins to show that zest for his rôle of guide that makes his intimate knowledge of this baker's dozen of New England towns a living thing. From this point he overflows with historic and literary information, and presents it in agreeable style. The result, for the major portion of the volume, is a humanized Baedeker. Not only the more familiar and more richly historic ground of Lexington and Concord is traversed, but also the quaint recesses and bold sea-wall of Marblehead and Gloucester, the dark and bloody hill of Salem, the peaceful shades of the Whittier country, and the ancient streets of Newburyport and Portsmouth. The value of the book is enhanced by an intelligent index.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, pastor emeritus of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, New York, died at his home in that city on Saturday. He was born at Keighley, in Yorkshire, England, in 1823. He learned the blacksmith trade of his father, which he followed for a time after coming to this country in 1850. Beginning his ministry as a Methodist, he became a Unitarian in 1859; and from 1879 he had been attached to the church in New York. His writings include: "Nature and Life," "The Life That Now Is," "The Simple Truth—a Home Book," "Talks to Young Men," "History of Ilkley in Yorkshire" (in collaboration), and "Things New and Old."

Dr. William Waugh Smith, chancellor of the Randolph-Macon system of colleges, died in Lynchburg, Va., on Friday, at the age of sixty-seven. He was the author of "Outlines of Psychology" and "A Comparative Chart of Syntax of Latin, Greek, German, French, and English."

James Gordon, United States Senator from Mississippi for a short term ending early in 1910, died last week at Okolona, Miss. He was born in 1833, and was the author of "The Old Plantation and Other Poems," besides many contributions to the magazines.

Science

SOME BOOKS ON EVOLUTION.

Die Mutationen in der Erblichkeitslehre. Von Hugo de Vries. Berlin: Gebrüder Borntraeger.

Upon the Inheritance of Acquired Characters. By Eugenio Rignano. Translated by Basil C. H. Harvey. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2 net.

Heredity in Relation to Eugenics. By C. B. Davenport. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

The Evolution of Animal Intelligence. By S. J. Holmes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75.

To students of evolution the recent publication of De Vries is a matter of more than passing interest, since here for the first time he takes occasion to reply to the numerous criticisms of his mutation theory, published eleven years ago. The only serious doubt that has arisen is whether the plant Œnothera Lamarckiana, on which the mutation theory so largely rested, is a hybrid or a "good" species. If a hybrid, the appearance of new types in its offspring may be due to a separation into its elementary constituents, and, if so, these so-called mutants are only re-combination products that need not concern the evolutionary process very profoundly. The fact that O. Lamarckiana has never been found in the wild state has been urged in favor of the view that it is a product of the gardener's skill. De Vries meets this criticism by pointing out that in recent years the study of other species of the evening primrose has shown them producing mutations in the same way as O. Lamarckiana. Hence, mutability is proved to be a property of the genus, and O. Lamarckiana has this property in common with its allies. Consequently, it is a matter of secondary importance whether Lamarck's evening primrose is a hybrid or an elementary species. De Vries has found that, when O. Lamarckiana is crossed with several other species, the new types, O. læta and O. velutina occur. This fact especially has been urged in favor of the hybrid nature of O. Lamarckiana; but it has been shown recently that a common American species, O. grandiflora, behaves in the same way. The argument applies, therefore, equally to a well-known wild form.

It may be well to recall here that De Vries's mutation theory was based not only on the evidence furnished by the evening primrose, but on evidence from a wider field of observation; and in the last ten years an overwhelming body of evidence has established beyond doubt the widespread occurrence of mutation. In fact, mutants have been found wherever they have been sought for carefully. The opponents of the mutation theory have nevertheless centred their attack on the evidence furnished by Lamarck's evening primrose, and mutationists will greet with satisfaction De Vries's able reply to his critics.

It has recently been said, rather pointedly, that there are at present but two schools of evolution: one discusses evolution as a philosophical problem, the other studies evolution according to the methods of science. The former method is well illustrated by Rignano's book, written originally in French and now translated by Professor Harvey. The question of the inheritance of acquired characters bids fair to become one of the persistent problems of philosophy, until the matter is settled once and for all by indisputable scientific evidence. But this evidence is not furnished by Rignano. On the contrary, his book concerns itself in the main with the elaboration of a physical analogy, through which the possibility of such a form of inheritance may be conceived.

As the author says, three new hypotheses, or three new fundamental conceptions, are submitted to the judgment of biologists. The first of these is the hypothesis of "centro-epigenesis," which assumes that, as the embryo develops, its course is regulated and directed from a central station, which is the material contained in the ovary (or testis) of the embryo itself. The coördinative character of the process of development requires, the author believes, the assumption of a directing centre. The general idea, that the body cells (as contrasted with the germ cells) determine their own development, is, he feels, repugnant to the regulative character of the developmental process.

Conversely, every change in the body which gives rise to specific nervous currents deposits in the central germinal material "a very definite substance, which in turn is capable of provoking again exclusively the same specificity of current as that by which it was itself deposited." In this way the germinal material reacts on the body cells of the next individual that arises from it. The third assumption attributes the vital phenomenon essentially to an intranuclear oscillating nervous discharge. In these ways Rignano tries to account for a very questionable process by means of hypotheses more than questionable.

Eugenics is becoming a familiar word. One would suppose that it was related to Socialism, but the Socialists do not seem very keen about it. Professor Dav-

enport's timely book on heredity will find a hearing in many quarters. Eugenics is defined as the science of the improvement of the human race by better breeding. The definition suggests propaganda of some sort, and while the author is careful to state that our present knowledge of heredity in man is too imperfect to warrant the formulation of rules of conduct for matrimony, yet here and there are recipes as to whom one may marry and whom one may not. The success of marriage is, according to the author, measured "by the number of disease-resistant, cultivable offspring that come from it"! A high number is implied, perhaps, but not actually recommended. The book contains a valuable collection of data relating to human heredity, interpreted almost exclusively from the modern standpoint of the Mendelian law. The value of this method of treatment is not likely to be questioned; nevertheless, the experienced reader may feel that the interpretation is not always secure; indeed, the data, which are themselves rather indiscriminately chosen, appear at times forced into the Mendelian mould. But in no other book will be found so much general and special information bearing on heredity in man. If the enthusiasm of the author were more tempered with caution, the value of the treatise would be enhanced. Dealing as it does with matters that touch the human race in a very weak and sensitive point, sympathy and patience are needed to accomplish the highest ends, rather than haste and exposure and impatience. Davenport's book, while wanting somewhat in the one, is not entirely without the other.

Among a number of recent books on comparative psychology, the volume by Professor Holmes on "The Evolution of Animal Intelligence" is probably the most successful attempt to bring before the general reader the modern points of view dealing with this important subject. With the acceptance of the theory of evolution brought about by Darwin's work, there has been little question among scientists that mental as well as structural evolution has taken place. There has been, it is true, some divergence of opinion as to whether simple reflexes have passed through insensible gradations into instincts, instincts into intelligence, and intelligence into reason; or whether these processes do not stand in a continuous line, but rather represent independent processes. Bergson, for example, sharply distinguishes instinct from intelligence—each shows evolutionary changes within set limits. But the highest forms of instinct, he contends, merge into intelligence; nor is instinct lapsed intelligence, as held by not a few psychologists of the post-Darwinian period. Both views are compatible with sound evolutionary reasoning, but the data are lacking that are necessary to establish either view. Holmes follows the more usual course and tries to show that intelligence is only a further stage of instinct, just as instinct, in turn, is only a complex or chain of reflexes. The chick pecks at a grain of wheat—a purely instinctive act. The grain is tasted and swallowed; a sensation of pleasure accompanies the act; henceforth, the act ceases to be instinctive, and through "association" passes into the realm of intelligent acts. The change has been interpreted as a picture of how, through evolution, instinct has become intelligence; but whether instinct has developed into a higher form of the same process, or whether through an instinctive act a new process has been brought to light, is one of the much mooted points of modern comparative psychology. Holmes accepts the pleasure-pain hypothesis of the origin of intelligent acts as formulated by Hobhouse, and before him by James. An instinctive act that is accompanied by pleasurable sensations establishes a chain of reflexes that are repeated whenever the first step in the process is evoked, as by the sight of a grain of wheat in case of the chick. If, instead of the wheat, a nauseous caterpillar is encountered, tested, tasted, and rejected, a different chain of reflexes is established, and the sight of the caterpillar now calls forth the ejection impulse. The ejection impulse acts to inhibit the first step in the process, and the caterpillar is avoided. Attractive as the reasoning appears, it is not flawless, as Holmes admits, for he concludes that the argument may break down in attempting to apply it to the higher forms of learning; yet so far as it affords a useful working hypothesis, he accepts it, because he thinks it takes us a step further towards the solution of the central problem of modern psychology from the point of view of the evolutionist.

A book waited for with great interest is the important—almost spectacular—work, "The Mechanistic Conception of Life," by Jacques Loeb, which is coming from the press of the University of Chicago. The book has been written in such a manner that the layman may understand the work done by Professor Loeb and draw his own conclusions as to the importance of the fact that living creatures have been developed without the interposition of the paternal element.

Scientific knowledge and accuracy, and the scientific frame of mind, have always been more prominent in the writings of John Burroughs than in those of any other literary writer on nature; but never before has this "intellectual intercourse" with nature, as he terms it, been so prominent, even in his own essays, as in "Time and Change" (Houghton Mifflin). For a considerable part of his life, and "especially of late years," Mr. Burroughs has had a deep interest in geology and in the biological and evolutionary implications of that science; and now he publishes his broodings in a book that is a thoughtful yet emotional reading of earth. He has hearkened to "the still, small voice of the rain and the winds, of the frost and the snow," which has enlightened and at the same time disturbed him greatly. Giving, with Meredith,

> To the Legends an alien look,

he has fastened his gaze on Time and Change, and has found that evolution really adds to the wonder of life. But evolution wins intellectual approbation rather than spiritual fervor; we are plunged into "the cosmic chill," which has, fortunately, an exhilaration all its own. It tells us, coldly but triumphantly, that "the creative and poetic imagination has undoubtedly reached its high-water mark," and hence "we shall probably"—(why "probably" after "undoubtedly"?)—"never see the great imaginative works of the past surpassed or even equalled." "Our awe, our reverence, our veneration . . . seem doomed to play less and less part in the future. Poetry and religion, so called, seem doomed to play less and less part in the life of the race in the future." Instead, we shall advance in scientific discovery and interpretation; and religion will give place to humanitarianism. Man "has withdrawn his gaze from heaven and fixed it upon the earth."

Now, if Mr. Burroughs, standing in the atmosphere of the cosmic chill, sees these things in the remote future, it is not for us to assert that the cosmic chill can possibly be wrong in what it reveals. But it is always urbane to be skeptical, and we accordingly question whether the chilly air that environs the author is perfectly free of mist. We think that great imaginative works may very well appear in the future, and that religious faith is not permanently extinguished. And we do not believe that Mr. Burroughs's position is strengthened by his admission, perhaps an unnecessary one, that the evolutionary theory of man's origin must be taken on "faith." In addition to incessant repetition and verbosity, weaknesses from which Mr. Burroughs's style has always suffered, these essays are—sometimes actually, sometimes only in appearance—confused in thought. The concluding essay, "The Gospel of Nature," leaves one in considerable doubt as to what the author has been taught by the outer world. The whole volume conveys the impression that Mr. Burroughs is somewhat lonely and perplexed when "Slabsides" is so far away. The calm and friendly aspects of nature, the gentle breathing of Mother Earth in the meadows and woods of the East, the intimate companionship of the wake-robin and the vesper sparrow—these seem more proper to his genius than "the monsters of Mesozoic and Caenozoic time" and the perilous sublimities of the cosmic chill. Yet we are far from regretting that these essays were published; if none of them is equal to the best work of the author, they nevertheless present one side of Mr. Burroughs's view of nature much more adequately than any of his earlier collections of essays, and, like anything written by Mr. Burroughs, they afford entertaining and profitable reading.

Dr. Edward Curtis, a brother of the late George William Curtis, died at his home

in New York on Thursday of last week. He was born in 1838, was a graduate of Harvard, served with distinction in the Civil War, and received the degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1864. After lecturing for a number of years in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, he was appointed professor emeritus in 1886. Among his writings are "A Manual of General Medicinal Technology," "Nature and Health," "Months and Moods," etc.

We have to record the death on Monday of two American astronomers, Prof. Eben Jenks Loomis and Edwin Smith. Professor Loomis was born in Oppenheim, N. Y., in 1828, and studied at the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University. For fifty years he was assistant, the greater part of the time senior assistant, in the Nautical Almanac, and in 1889 was a member of the United States Eclipse Expedition to the West Coast of Africa. The following books bear his name: "Wayside Sketches," "An Eclipse Party in Africa," and "A Sunset Idyl, and Other Poems." Professor Loomis was the father of Mabel Loomis Todd, writer and wife of David Todd, the astronomer. Edwin Smith, who, since 1870, was connected with the Coast and Geodetic Survey, died at his home in Washington in his sixty-second year. He was born in New York city and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1871. Three years later he was put in charge of the party to observe the transit of Venus at the Chatham Islands in the South Pacific. Afterwards he was engaged in determining the force of gravity at Auckland, Sydney, New South Wales; Singapore, Tokio, San Francisco, and Washington, using the three Kater pendulums belonging to the Royal Society of England. For these and subsequent observations, he was recognized by various learned societies.

Drama

With seven new volumes, making forty in all, the "First Folio Shakespeare" is brought to a happy conclusion, for which congratulations are due both to the publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, and to the editor, Charlotte Porter, who completes single-handed the large task entered upon with the aid of Helen A. Clarke. The present instalment brings to us "Henry VI" (3 vols.), "Henry VIII," "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," and "Sonnets and Passionate Pilgrim." We have several times pointed out the peculiar traits of these handy volumes, but it may be well to repeat the matter on this occasion. The text, as the name of the edition implies, is a literal reprint of the First Folio; the transcription, so far as we have examined it and heard the reports of others, is very accurate. At the bottom of the page the necessary or highly probable emendations are printed, with the source from which they are derived. Further, on the side-margins the meaning of obscure or obsolete words is given; and as these glossarial notes are printed directly in line with the word to be explained, the reader obtains in the easiest possible way the immediate help needed for understanding the text. The play itself is preceded by an introduction, and is followed by a series of appendices. The character of the latter is sufficiently indicated by the titles: "Argument," "Sources," "Duration of the Action," "Date of Composition," "Early Editions," "Literary Illustrations" (notes explanatory of the text), "Glossary" (including grammatical usage and pronunciation), "Variorum Readings," and "Selected Criticism." The aim throughout these appendices is to furnish all the material needed for a critical reading of the play, and to provide in brief space a survey of the important theories, emendations, and interpretations of the long line of Shakespearean scholars. To this extent we regard the edition as a model of usefulness and skilful arrangement.

Of the introductions prefixed to the successive volumes of the "First Folio Shakespeare" we have spoken less certainly. They are ornamental rather than essential to the scheme of the undertaking, but we should have been glad to see more of the critical spirit in them and less sentiment. In the volume of the present instalment including the "Sonnets," we are glad to commend a satisfactory, and non-committal, treatment of the Southampton-Herbert discussion. The editor has done well also in setting forth the aspects of the "Sonnets" which take them out of the impersonal Renaissance tradition to which Sir Sidney Lee would relegate them, but we are not so sure that their theme is "the spiritual generation of immortality by the expression of love"—the phrase borders on that sentimentality of which we have before had reason to complain. As a whole, however, the work now completed is of a kind to reflect great credit on the editor.

Among recent new plays in London few have attracted more attention than "Rutherford and Son" (Doran), by a hitherto unknown dramatist, Githa Sowerby. There can be no question of its vigor, but it is not likely to win general popularity, except with the aid of some phenomenally fine performers. Its chief weakness is an unfortunate vagueness of purpose. John Rutherford is the head of glassworks on a cheerless moor in the North of England. He is the personification of remorseless, unscrupulous energy, wholly devoted to the establishment he has created. His one ambition is that "Rutherfords" shall exist and increase from generation to generation. To that end he thinks that his children should uncomplainingly devote their lives. His home is the dreariest of prisons, of which he is the tyrannical jailer. One son, Richard, leaves him to become a curate. The other, John, who has married a poor girl and is only tolerated because his infant son is the heir, is in silent rebellion. A daughter, Janet, embittered by years of domestic drudgery, seeks consolation in the arms of Martin, the trusted foreman of the works. Martin shares with young John Rutherford the secret of an accidentally discovered process which would mean incalculable profit. This secret the son hopes to sell to the father, but the old man claims possession of it as a right, induces Martin to surrender it, and then incontinently discharges him, for his conduct with his daughter, Janet, whom he has already turned out of his house. Young John, a moral and intellectual weakling, maddened by the loss of his secret, robs his father's safe and flies, leaving his wife and babe behind, alone with the old man in the deserted house.

It is a tale of almost unmitigated gloom, illustrating the sacrifice of every redeeming human impulse to the Moloch of commercial pride. The only gleam of tenderness is in the final scene, where the lonely John Rutherford softens at the thought of the grandson, who is to succeed him. But the stern, unflinching realism of it grips the reader, and could not fail to be impressive upon the stage. In conception and execution there is nothing to suggest the feminine work, except perhaps the special intuition displayed in the notable sketch of the forlorn Janet, who is bereft of both father and lover by the operation of the very tyranny which she was seeking to escape. The dialogue is strong and characteristic, and the drab northern atmosphere perfect. It is seldom, indeed, that a first play is so mature in form, thought, and expression. Miss Sowerby's next work will be awaited with pleasurable expectation.

Speaking of Granville Barker's production of "Twelfth Night," at the Savoy Theatre, in London, the *Times* critic says, in part:

> It is a most agreeable sensation to feel that for once you are listening to Shakespeare as he wrote: to a Shakespeare who is being allowed to have his say out; and to perceive that you are enjoying it, and obviously all the other listeners are enjoying it, in a simple, natural, childlike way, without any need for make-believe or for appeal to the "historical sense." Mr. Ainley's Malvolio is, to our mind, much more reasonably Shakespearean—a quietly, if inordinately, conceited man, and no magnificent monster. His contempt for the world at large is dry and thin-lipped. His reproof to the roysterers at their midnight orgy is that of his mistress's faithful servant, shocked on her account, rather than that of a tyrant, outraged on his own. In short, a Malvolio played with propriety and tact; and, all the more for that, an entirely amusing figure. You find the same moderation in the drollery of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, in the hands of Mr. Whitby and Mr. Quartermaine. Mr. Whitby knows how to be *half*-drunk, and Mr. Quartermaine how to be a man of breeding, though as big a fool as you please. Their friend, the fool *en titre*, being played by Mr. Hayden Coffin, sings, of course, with perfect taste—sings, indeed, rather better than he talks; for Mr. Coffin is not yet quite word perfect.

Martin Harvey has lately acquired two new plays. The first is Edward Knoblauch's "The Faun," which Mr. Faversham has made well known in this country, and the second is a poetic drama by Laurence Binyon, which is based on the Arthurian legend of Lancelot and Guinevere. All that elaborate and tasteful mounting can do for a piece will be done. In the autumn of next year Mr. Harvey will bring his company to this country, to present "Œdipus Rex," in a few of the larger cities.

To their existing stock of plays Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie have just added the German piece "Narrentanz" (The Fool's Dance), by Leo Birinski, which has been played already in this city. The name of the adapter remains a secret, nor has the English title yet been chosen. Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie have further acquired a new comedy by Elizabeth Baker, author of "Chains," named "Over a Garden Wall." The continued success of "Milestones" renders the time of the production of these pieces very indefinite.

According to a London critic, Marie Tempest has made a great success in "The Malingerer," a wordless play by Sidney Lewis-Ransom.

Music

History of the Philharmonic Society of London. Compiled by Miles Birket Foster. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

The Story of Bayreuth as Told in the Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated and edited by Caroline V. Kerr. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

The Philharmonic Society of London is celebrating its centenary this year. Its history, particularly during the first six decades of its existence, is virtually the story of orchestral music in Europe, for it placed all countries under tribute for compositions, players, singers, and conductors; and while its policy has always been conservative, in the long run every school had its hearing. When it was founded, in the year in which Wagner and Verdi were born, London had no permanent orchestral society open to the public, for the Concert of Antient Music was really a private and amateur concern, and it had, moreover, a rule forbidding the performance of any music that was not at least twenty years old. The Philharmonic Society, on the contrary, made it a point not only to acquaint its patrons with recent productions at home and abroad, but specially requested prominent composers to write new works, for the privilege of the first performance of which it often offered large sums. Cherubini was commissioned to compose a new symphony, overture, and vocal piece, for £200. Spohr got 250 guineas for writing and conducting a new symphony. But it was towards Beethoven that the directors of the Philharmonic most conspicuously displayed their liberality. In 1815 they purchased of him the right of first performance of three overtures, for 75 guineas. Two years later an offer of 300 guineas was made to him to come and direct two symphonies to be composed by him for the Society. In 1825 the sum of fifty pounds was offered him for a MS. symphony; the money was sent, and so was the manuscript, but not until it had been performed in Vienna, contrary to the stipulations from London. However, the Philharmonic, at any rate, got what it has always since regarded as its chief treasure, the MS. of the Ninth, the greatest of all symphonic works, with the inscription, "Geschrieben für die Philharmonische Gesellschaft in London."

Mr. Foster has divided his book into ten parts, each part dealing with a decade, and each prefaced by a page or two of remarks calling attention to the principal events of the period. There are some 700 programmes, all printed here in full. A glance at those of the earliest concerts shows an odd carelessness in make-up, "Symphony, Beethoven," or "Quartet, Haydn," being all that was deemed necessary for the hearer's guidance. Analytical programmes were not introduced till 1869. The most important innovation of the first decade was the use of a bâton, by Spohr, who had crossed the Channel to conduct one of the concerts in 1820. Up to that time it had been customary to divide what are now the conductor's duties between the leading violinist, who, here and there, beat the time with his bow, and a pianist, who, with the score before him, corrected mistakes or filled up accidental omissions in the performance. Clumsy as this arrangement was, Spohr's introduction of the bâton and his assumption of full authority shocked the directors, some of whom protested against the revolutionary change; but the result was so satisfactory that his method was adopted, the man "at the pianoforte" being thenceforth called conductor, although the title "leader" died hard; it did not disappear entirely till 1846.

Mendelssohn takes an important place in the second and third decades. He played for the Society, conducted, composed symphonies and overtures, and was petted as few mortals have ever been. Though he recognized "the canker in its constitution—musical *rottenboroughs, etc.*," he was usually in good humor. When Wagner became conductor in 1855 he wrote to a friend: "The directors continually referred me to what they called Mendelssohnian traditions, but I suspect that Mendelssohn simply acquiesced in the traditional ways of the Society." Once Mendelssohn lost his temper, threatening to withhold his own new overture because the musicians balked at a Schubert symphony. It is somewhat surprising that the editor makes no reference to this incident. He also quotes of Wagner's remarks on the Philharmonic only those that are favorable, excepting so far as its excessively long programmes are concerned, which made it impossible, with the time allotted for rehearsals, to do anything thoroughly.

Financially, the Society had its ups and downs, and it must have been at a very low ebb when it offered and gave Wagner only £200 for rehearsing and conducting a whole season's concerts, which contrasts startlingly with the former liberality toward Spohr, Beethoven, and others. At no time, however, though threatened with disaster, did it lower its ideal. The most serious charge it has to answer for is discrimination against certain great composers, which, to be sure, was due to the Handel-Mendelssohn atmosphere. The Slavic and Magyar airs of Chopin and Liszt have never made a strong appeal to British taste. It was not till 1843 that a Chopin concerto was played by the Philharmonic, and this, we are told, was the first performance in public of any of Chopin's music in England. Liszt fared much worse. As early as 1827 he played a Hummel concerto at a Philharmonic concert. In 1840 he was heard again, and got a piece of plate, valued at forty guineas, for his services. With Ole Bull he performed Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, and solo pieces, and the ever-amusing critics, while praising his brilliant execution, "did not approve of his readings of Weber and Beethoven." The Marche Hongroise he played as one of his numbers was the only composition of his heard at these concerts till forty-two years later—four years before his death. Subsequently, this neglect was atoned for.

While Wagner was conducting the Philharmonic concerts in London he devoted his leisure hours to orchestrating the second of his four Nibelung operas. Five years previously he had already planned the building of a theatre for the special performance of this tetralogy. The details of the "Bayreuth Festival Idea," from its planning to the execution, are told in the volume edited by Caroline V. Kerr. The body of it consists of the letters written by Wagner to his four principal helpers, Feustel, Heckel, Carl Brandt, the famous stage machinist, and Theodor Muncker, burgomaster of Bayreuth. Wherever it seemed advisable, the editor has introduced a few pages of comment that make the story continuous. The letters are interesting, not only as illustrating Wagner's infinite patience in the attention to details, but as throwing light on the musical situation in general at that time. The narrative is carried on beyond the Nibelung festival to the first performances of "Parsifal" in 1882, and is followed by interesting extracts from the reminiscences of Winkelmann, Wolzogen, and others, which, like these letters, have never before been presented in English. It is a book which every collector of Wagneriana should have in his library.

Among recent Schirmer publications are six songs by Kurt Schindler, printed as "Three Sonnets of Mediæval Italy" and "Three English Songs."

The Paris *Gaulois* has been collecting the opinion of various composers as to which is Massenet's greatest work. None of them mentioned his most inspired work, "The Juggler of Notre Dame." Bruneau, Xavier Leroux, and Nougues proclaim their preference for "Werther," while Georges Huë couples "Manon" and the work already mentioned; Paul Vidal rates "Marie-Magdeleine" as the late composer's highest achievement; Puccini—as might, perhaps, have been expected—votes for "Manon," whereas the veteran Charles

Lecocq has given his opinion in favor of "Thaïs."

Art

THE COMING OF LITHOGRAPHY.

LONDON, November 23.

That the members of the Senefelder Club are holding their fourth annual exhibition in London (this year at the Stafford Gallery) is a fact worth recording. For long it seemed so hopeless to obtain due recognition for lithography as an art that many artists, at first enthusiastic, have been discouraged from practicing it. But this small group of lithographers, who founded a society in honor of Senefelder and his invention, have already succeeded in showing, as no one has ever hitherto shown, that lithography ranks with, or even above, etching as an original method of expression for the artist and a subject of interest for the collector. Indeed, it is a much more autographic, much more direct means of expression than etching or any other medium for the multiplication of an artist's designs.

It should seem as if this simple and obvious fact could not have been so completely overlooked by the public—it never was by the artist—in the century and more since the art was invented. But in the beginning, in the great days of the popularity of lithography—about 1830—it was used chiefly for the purpose of illustration. It made its appeal to the publisher by its cheapness and by what at that period of wood-engraving appeared to him the marvellous rapidity with which the drawings, done on stone, or transfer paper, could be prepared for printing. The wood-engraver lingered weeks, or months, over his block; once the drawing was on the stone, it required but the simplest, the shortest process before the stone could be handed to the printer. The art appealed to the artist by its simplicity and directness and freedom—it helped him to escape from the engraver, who cut his work to pieces on the block; it left him at the mercy only of the printer, who, at the worst and single-handed, was never quite so pitiless as the wood-engraver. It is no wonder that artists who wished to multiply their designs accepted the new art eagerly.

But almost all this early work, great as much of it was, was issued in books and magazines and papers got up in the cheapest sort of fashion and published by the hundreds and the thousands. Sometimes there were a few artists' proofs, but these were the exception, and the usual prints were pulled on cheap paper by the professional printer, who had to turn out so many an hour if he would not lose his job. The results were surprisingly good, it is true, but this was not the way to obtain fine prints. In the course of time, too, the cheapness of production, as it is very likely to do in every case, lowered the standard. Then came the chromo-lithograph, and the commercial lithographer, and the trade-union, and the very name of lithography passed into a reproach.

In the nineties there was a serious effort to revive it. The hundredth anniversary of Senefelder's invention was approaching, and a retrospective exhibition was prepared by the French, who had done the most to make lithography worth remembering. Lithographs began to reappear in the Salon. Lithographers in London, publishers in Paris, endeavored to draw artists back to the method which, fifty or sixty years earlier, had yielded such splendid results. Every one knows what was accomplished at this time by Whistler and Fantin-Latour, what noble experiments were made by Carrière and Besnard and a host of others in France. Even in England the Royal Academy woke up to the fact that some sort of a movement was going on, and before the French show opened Leighton had induced several Academicians to do a drawing or so on the stone or transfer paper, in many cases the one lithograph they ever made. The show naturally attracted world-wide attention, with its list of great names and array of great work. For a while it looked as if lithography were on its feet again. But it was no use. People would not buy lithographs; they could not forget the tradition of their cheapness, they missed the plate-mark they had been trained to look for in the etching, and so suspected a fraud somewhere.

It explains the fascination lithography has for the artist that, after this failure, still another effort should have been made to revive it. But the new revival is based upon a firmer foundation. The artist has at last learned that he is not dependent upon the commercial lithographer and the professional printer, and he has rebelled against the limitations, technical and financial, which they imposed upon him. He has learned how to transfer for himself the drawing from the paper to the stone, how to etch the stone, how to print it. He has learned how to get his own effects in his own fashion.

The new life his emancipation has brought to the art may be seen in this year's show of the Senefelder Club at the Stafford Gallery. The work of some of the last generation of lithographers is included: Whistler, Gauguin, Félicien Rops, Carrière, Toulouse-Lautrec, masters all of them. But more space is devoted to the men of the present generation—men of several nationalities and many methods: Louis Legrand, Lunois, Brangwyn, C. H. Shannon, John Copley, Spenser Pryse, Hatrick, Hamilton, Joseph Pennell, to mention a few.

You can see in one impression the delicate grays that were all Whistler, who never printed for himself, thought he could ask of the stone; in another, the deepest, richest, most sonorous blacks. One member may continue faithful to the uniform woolliness beloved by the professional, another work in pure line, a third carry out his design with every gradation of tone from solid black to the gray that fades into white. A few prints are in color. It is extraordinary what variety is to be had from so simple a medium. And everywhere is the freshness, the vitality that comes with genuine interest and intelligent experiment. Further to rid themselves of the commercial element, the members of the Club—whatever the invited exhibitors may do—limit their editions to fifty, though some exhaust the stone long before that number is reached. Altogether, there is every reason to believe that the art of lithography is at last coming into its own and will fill the high position it lost, at first from its abused popularity, afterwards from its commercial degradation.

N. N.

In a special autumn number, "Peasant Art in Russia," the *International Studio* (Lane), follows up the vein it has opened in Austria and Scandinavia. The articles are written by Russian experts under the editorship of Charles Holme. Besides the cuts of objects of art, some in colors, there are numerous interesting pictures of costumed peasants about their work and festivities. Perhaps the most beautiful objects are woodcarvings—spindle-heads, sledges, etc.—and the semi-Oriental tapestries of the Ukraine, which show an eclectic preference for Caucasian, Persian, and Mongol motives.

The "By-Paths in Collecting" (Century), through which Virginia Robie undertakes to guide amateur collectors, are for the most part well trodden and familiar. Yet the chatty, informal style of the book is very readable. Ceramic excursions predominate; there are also chapters on old pianos, samplers, pewter, and sun dials. The information imparted with no pretence of historical sequence is usually accurate. An unwarranted generalization here and there is noted, as in this: "When Dr. Wall founded the pottery works [at Worcester] which were to take such high rank in ceramic annals, he had no other motive in view than to cope with the Chinese trade." R. L. Hobson in his monograph on Worcester makes the more interesting explanation that one of the leading motives of its foundation was to bring to the city a body of skilled artisans, who would "furnish a solid voting contingent in the Whig interest." The justness of the strictures of alleged "forgeries" of the Dr. Syntax series might be questioned: some at least of the new Dr. Syntax plates have been issued in all apparent honesty by the very Adams house which in the early nineteenth century made a specialty of ceramics for the American market. The general excellence of the book would excuse more vital slips than these. The volume is

dedicated "without permission to all collectors"; only a captious collector would have refused permission if asked.

Finance

TWENTY PER CENT. MONEY.

Three noteworthy incidents in the money market—each of an unusual character, each bearing directly on some phase of the present financial situation, and all connected closely with one another—have occurred within the past week. One was the rise in rates for loans on Wall Street, subject to repayment on demand, to 20 per cent. per annum; the highest since the closing week of 1907, when panic influences were still ascendant, banks had not yet resumed full cash payments, currency was at a premium in bank-checks, and New York bank reserves were $20,000,000 below the lawful ratio to deposits. The second incident was a fall in New York exchange on London to 4.84½, a rate lower than any touched since 1907. The third was Saturday's announcement of a $5,000,000 deficit in New York bank reserves—something which has occurred in only three other weeks since the beginning of 1908.

The high "call money rate" applied to Stock Exchange borrowers. That such a rate as 20 per cent. should have been possible, in the face of the usury law, is due to the exemption, under that law, of loans which either borrower or lender may terminate at any moment. Six per cent. is the legal maximum for loans with a stipulated term to run, but the exemption in favor of "call loans" was incorporated in the statute with the proper purpose of leaving the door open for recourse in emergencies. In the present instance, outside banks, which had been lending heavily on the financial market, were moved by their home requirements to call in such loans, and the 20 per cent. bid measured the inducement which Wall Street borrowers had to offer, in order to retain the out-of-town money and avoid the forced sale of the securities held through it.

The acuteness of the past week's money stringency hit the Stock Exchange hardest, not because of undue expansion there—on the contrary, stock speculation has been exceptionally restrained this season—but because other borrowers had placed their loans on time, and could not be disturbed. Ordinarily, such a situation would be met through large importation of gold from Europe. This would indeed have been especially natural on this occasion, since the tightness of our money market is primarily due to harvesting and marketing the unprecedentedly large crops.

As a matter of fact, our bankers did begin in September to import European gold in considerable amounts, and the foreign exchange market has since then moved even more decidedly in this country's favor. But the Balkan war broke out in October; money tightened on all European markets, and every European bank, in the face of the doubtful political horizon, proceeded to guard its stock of gold. The gold importations therefore ceased. So singular a conjuncture of events suggests some larger considerations in the American part of the situation.

Twenty per cent. call money cannot be assigned, as a 6 per cent. rate occasionally is, merely to the rôle of an "index of prosperity." Advocates of currency reform are in the habit of laying responsibility for such abnormal rates on the existing scheme of banknote issues. That is a bit far-fetched, since the capital defect of the present system is that, so long as the public debt is not being rapidly redeemed, it operates generally towards chronic expansion of the currency, and therefore can hardly cause such tight-money incidents as this.

But the criticism that, even if the present banking system did not cause the trouble, it provides no means of alleviation, is likely to have more force this time than it had half a dozen years ago—for instance, when Mr. Schiff made the 125 per cent. call money rate of December, 1905, his text for similar criticism. The case was not so clear, either that year or the year after, because the acute stringency of the period was then a direct and immediate result of the mischievous activities of powerful banks and powerful capitalists affiliated with them. Their reckless misuse of the market's credit facilities, on a prodigious scale and to help out infatuated Stock Exchange speculations of their own, was certainly the primary cause of our acute money stringency of the day, and would probably have made trouble under any currency system. That even Mr. Aldrich had to amend and re-amend his banking plan with a view to providing against "Wall Street control," was due to the public suspicion, which cannot be pronounced altogether unreasonable, that people who had played such tricks with the credit machinery under one system might do it even more effectively under another. The country has those wealthy adventurers chiefly to thank for the subsequent deadlock in currency reform.

But no such qualifying considerations surround the present episode. The promoters and the speculators have been a negligible influence. The Stock Exchange itself has been perhaps the most conservative part of the season's business organism. There has been no such mountain of "American finance paper" in Europe as used to call forth the warnings, and finally the aggressive veto, of the Bank of England in 1905 and 1906. Whatever the cause of the present week's 20 per cent. money rate, it is not that.

The cause is generally conceded to be the sudden and great activity in American trade, with unusually large demands on banking accommodation, coming at an hour when the normal and habitual providing of credit facilities and gold by Europe in anticipation of its import of agricultural staples from us was obstructed by the foreign political disturbances and money hoarding. This was a case for scientific banking. It can hardly be doubted that a centralized credit institution in this country, managed by competent and distinterested financiers and able to take over loans from banks which had too much to care for, would have served an invaluable purpose.

On those general lines, the question will sooner or later have to be dealt with. This season has provided a fair test of our system of "shifting loans" to interior banks—which has meant, as usual, that when the money rate was high enough to induce them to do so, those institutions would lay hands on their own out-of-town reserve and toss it into the money market in the form of loans. They were already probably allowed to count as "lawful reserve" too large a portion of these balances in other cities. When they proceeded to strip themselves of such re-deposited reserves, for the sake of a 6 or 9 per cent. interest rate, they were bound to wake up before very long, in a season when demand from their own home customers was active, to the discovery that their reserve was heavily impaired. When such discoveries are made, the interior lenders promptly pull out the planks from under the New York market, and then we have 20 per cent. money.

The vice of the present system is not primarily the issue of bond-secured banknote currency. The real source of evil is the lack, when Europe is financially tied up, of any place for American banks to go, with any assurance of continuing credit facilities, for rediscount of loans which have accumulated beyond the power of their own cash reserve to sustain with observance of the law.

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